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RAMBLES

IN THE

FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE.

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RAMBLES IN THE

FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE.

BY THE LATE

H. D. INGLIS,

AUTHOR OF "SPAIN:"—"NEW GIL BLAS, OR PEDRO OF PENAFLOR:"—"THE TYROL:"—"CHANNEL ISLANDS," ETC. ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

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PREFACE.

A small portion of this work appeared in the Englishman's Magazine some years ago, and excited great and general interest; when that periodical was discontinued, Mr. Inglis was earnestly solicited, not only by his friends, but by those who were acquainted with him merely through the medium of literature, to complete a work which promised to illustrate the most delightful of romances, and also to exhibit the most characteristic features of Spanish life. Other avocations compelled him to delay for a season the accomplishment of this task; but early in 1835 the manuscript was prepared for the press, and the forthcoming work announced in the usual channels of literary intelligence. Before, however, the printing could be begun, a mortal disease seized upon the lamented author, and he sunk into the grave universally regretted.

Though the publication of this, his last and favourite work, may be justly regarded, not only as a tribute, but as a sacred duty to his memory, every reader of feeling must be aware how painful it is to gaze upon

the characters traced by a beloved hand—to feel that the spirit which dictated the glowing thoughts is parted, and the hand that recorded them cold in the grave. It was not until the lenient influence of Time had smoothed away the rough edge of sorrow and allayed the bitterness of grief, until anguish for his loss had derived consolation from a "hope full of immortality," that his widow could summon strength to arrange these sheets for the press, and bring before the public the last work of an author so generally and so deservedly popular. It is now submitted to the reader, with a confident belief that it will be found worthy of the author's fame, and in nothing inferior to the works of the same writer, which have already received such an unusual share of popular approbation.

It cannot be uninteresting to prefix a few particulars of the amiable author's life to his posthumous volume: the following account, written shortly after his death, by one who knew and loved him, contains the most accurate summary of his history that has appeared; it is brief, but faithful: more, much more indeed might be told, but his loss is yet too recent for memory to bear the torture of recollecting the examples of tender feeling and powerful talent, "not lost, but gone before."

Henry David Inglis, was the son of a gentleman of very ancient family, who is mentioned in Nisbet as coming over at the period of the Conquest. His father was an advocate at the Scotch bar; for which the son also was originally designed. His discursive fancy, however, soon turned him aside from such pursuits; and led him, at an early age, to visit foreign lands, there to lay in, by the contemplation of nature in all her most picturesque and sublime forms, the basis of all those matchless descriptions with which his works every where abound. His grandmother was daughter of the celebrated Colonel James Gardiner, who fell so nobly at the battle of Prestonpans, in 1745, and was herself the authoress of an heroic poem: and through her he was related to the noble house of Buchan, and the Erskines. The venerable Lady Raeburn, was sister to his mother. His works are twofold: they consist of fiction and travels; and in these two walks, as often happens to literary men, his success was precisely in the inverse ratio of his merits. It is true, indeed, that whatever genius the subject admitted of, was thrown into it; but books of Travels, however useful, do not, in their nature, so well admit of any high flights of fancy. All that can be done, is to give a faithful copy of nature, and to paint justly, men and things as they

really exist. Yet the man of true genius, even here makes his power to be felt; and in reading over the pages of this new-fled spirit, we are everywhere made sensible, that in copying nature, by portraying her in her external forms, he was descending from the elevation of his towering genius. His work, entitled "Spain in 1830," is, beyond all question, his best book of this order; and next, his "Ireland in 1834:" his "Channel Islands" contains many beautiful descriptions; as also his "Tyrol," his "Switzerland and the Pyrenees," and his "Norway."

But it was as a writer of fiction that Inglis was really great. Indeed, while all the efforts of the greatest masters still press on my memory, I doubt whether even the greatest of them has far excelled this man in the regions of pure inventive genius. Shakspeare, it is well known, never once invented the *story* of his Plays. Byron owed most of his plots to D'Herbelot, and the German Kotzebue; and failed only when he trusted to his own invention; while, in one novel of Scott,—the Ivanhoe—I detect no less than three long plagiarisms of *incident*, direct from the Decameron of Boccacio. Inglis invented all his own stories—because it was easier to invent than to borrow; and whatever this age may say to the contrary, I boldly assert that his "New Gil

Blas" is one of the noblest and most finished efforts in the line of pure imaginative writing, that ever fell from the pen of any one man, either in our own or in any other age. Yet, will it be believed—this was the only work, written by our author, that ever fell dead-born from the press. The world, alarmed at the name, were one-half of them afraid to read it—and the other half afraid to judge when they had read it; while, of those able to judge, and who felt the power of this admirable work, not a man was found bold enough to stand up and hazard the public ordeal, by making known his opinions to the world. That work cost the author five years—no other ever cost him as many months in the composition. "I lament to say, (my poor friend used often to exclaim), I have been compelled to write *my* Gil Blas for posterity." He was right, the world will some day acknowledge it.

His other imaginative work, "Solitary Walks in many Lands," abounds in beauties of the highest order; and approaches in some parts very nearly to perfection in one of the most capital, but unapproachable qualities in this species of writing,—I mean in the fine adaptation of human feeling and sentiment, to the beauties of the forms of nature without. His apostrophes to May, and his solemn picture of

September, have few parallels in our tongue, whether for purity of diction or for elevation of thought.

He died on the 20th March, 1835; near Regent's Park, at four in the morning, in the 40th year of his age—his body prematurely sinking down beneath the weight of his exalted mind.

It only remains to be said that this work is faithfully printed from the author's manuscript, which was completed a short time before his death; it is now published by his widow, who has felt it a sacred obligation to preserve every word of "the loved and the lost," without change or alteration.

London, Oct. 1837.

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RECENT RAMBLES

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THE READER IS INFORMED, HOW THE PROJECT OF TREADING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE, FIRST ENTERED INTO THE AUTHOR'S HEAD.

I had spent six days in that ancient and truly Spanish city, Toledo, musing among those interesting remains that are the witnesses of its former grandeur, and the proofs of its present decay; and when I had sipped my chocolate the seventh morning, and had looked for a while from the gallery of the *Posada* into the marble-paved court, where nothing was to be seen but two or three idle fellows sitting with their backs to the wall,

wrapped up in their tattered brown cloaks, I felt somewhat at a loss what to do with myself. One half-hour I employed in executing judgment upon the mosquitos that had tormented me during the night; another, in chatting with a dark-eyed damsel of the inn, who was engaged in preparing the ingredients of the *puchero*, and in helping her to strip the *garbanzos*, the large peas so indispensable to a Spanish kitchen; but as it would yet be many hours before the *puchero* could be ready, I took my hat and walked into the street, where, in a strange town, there is always something fresh to be seen. I strolled for the twentieth time through the *Plaza Mayor*, and wondered, for the twentieth time, how the blacksmiths of Toledo contrive to make horse-shoes by hammering cold iron; I next found myself in the cathedral, where a man might spend an hour to advantage every day of his life; I once more paced the aisles, and measured with my eye, the vastness of this queen of gothic temples; and walked into the sacristy; and admired, for the last time, those yellow and orange-coloured marbles that eclipse even the marbles of

the Escurial: then leaving the cathedral, I sauntered towards the Alcazar, and seated myself under the shadow of its huge front, and beside the colossal statue of the Gothic king, who looks down upon the provinces that were once subject to him and his race. The bell of the Dominican Convent chiming one, interrupted my reverie, and reminded me that it was time to return to the Posada.

In recrossing the *Plaza Mayor*, however, and glancing my eye at the clock which is above the gateway, I found I had still half an hour to spare. I must needs spend it in some way; so I took my seat upon a stone bench, one end of which was occupied by two canons, and the centre, by a poor curate with a bare greasy hat, and a cassoc that had once been black; and purchasing at a neighbouring stall, four slices of melon, I amused myself with counting the number of friars and churchmen who, like myself, were acquiring an appetite for dinner. As for the poor curate, I fear he crowded the provocative and the dinner into one.

The *puchero* proved as worthless, and the wine

as excellent as usual; and being now tired of sauntering through the streets, I strolled down to the old Roman bridge over the Tagus.

Loitering upon a bridge, one generally leans for a while over the parapet on one side, and then crosses to the opposite parapet, next bending for a while over it: and so did I on the bridge at Toledo. I watched, a long time, some scores of Toledo damsels washing clothes in the river,—every one conspicuous by her bright yellow petticoat, which was left uncovered, the upper garment being thrown over the head to shelter it from the sun; and amused myself with the precocious gallantry of two young university students, who endeavoured to attract the attention of these water nymphs, by throwing pebbles into the stream, and who were sometimes rewarded by the upward glance of several pairs of dark eyes: and having seen all that was to be seen from one parapet, I crossed to the other, from which nothing was to be seen at all, excepting the Tagus in its deep rocky bed, and beyond it, the high brown range of the Toledo mountains; a scene, not without its

charms however, to the lover of the wild, the desolate, and the picturesque.

When we look upon a lofty mountain range, fancy generally travels beyond it; and the eye wanders in imagination over those countries from which it separates us.

"These are the Toledo mountains," I said to myself, "and what lies beyond? Is it not *La Mancha*, the country of *Don Quixote?*" What a host of vivid and delightful recollections instantly started into being! In a few moments I had lived over again the many happy hours of childhood, youth, and manhood, spent in the perusal of that imperishable monument of the genius of Cervantes; and when I again looked towards the mountains that separated me from *La Mancha*, I saw the tall spare figure of the courteous knight erect upon his Rozinante, his grave countenance expressing a consciousness of his high destiny; and behind, in comic contrast, the square figure of Sancho, jogging on his dapple, his wallet open in his hand, and his mouth filled with bread and cheese, and onions—the knight and the squire

carrying on the while, one of those dialogues, which are the most perfect of all comedies. A hundred other vivid and grotesque images rose before me, and peopled *La Mancha.*

But along with these, a thought, a fancy, a longing, a hope, that had belonged to the years of boyhood, was revived. What pleasure, I had once thought, would it be to follow in the footsteps of Don Quixote—to set out with him from his village, to sleep in the inn which he mistook for a castle, to enter the *Sierra Morena* with him, to visit Toboso, and to feed the recollection of his adventures, with the realities of place, and scenery, and manners! Little thought I in those early days, that I should ever have the power of realizing this wish; but now my mind was made up in a moment. I had seen all that was curious in Toledo; I had no wish to return to Madrid; it was yet too early to encounter the heats of Andalusia; and why therefore not indulge the dream of my boyhood? "I'll cross the mountains to-morrow," I said to myself, "and the day after, I shall be in *La Mancha:*" and so strong a hold had

this wondrous fiction taken of my mind, that in the moment of forming this resolution, it was allied with something almost amounting to an expectation of actually meeting the knight and his faithful squire. Neither the picturesque outline of the ancient city, nor the half-robed charms of the Toledo damsels, had any attraction for me now: a little while longer, I fixed my eyes on the mountain range, and then turning hastily away, made all speed to the Posada, that I might provide myself with an active mule, and an honest muleteer: and all this was speedily arranged to my satisfaction.

I was too full of my project to find much enjoyment in the *Tertulia* that evening; the charming nothings, and lively sallies, that in a running fire of pure Castilian, animated the lips of the *Senoras* and *Señoritas*,—the witchery of a score of black eyes, brighter and more piercing than as many "Toledo blades"—even the legerdemain of half a score of fans, were ineffectual all. My companions were the knight and his squire; and the conversation which I listened to, was carried on between

Sancho and his wife, about the government of the island, or the marriage of their daughter, whom her mother would not let Sancho make a duchess of; or between the curate and the barber, while sitting in judgment upon Amadis de Gaul, and Palmerin, and Bernardo del Carpio.

The *Tertulia* ended, the glass of *agua fresca*, the simple and only refreshment of a Spanish Tertulia, was handed round; the *mantillas* enveloped the heads, but scarcely veiled the eyes of the Castilians; a hundred civil things were said; the caballeros bowed and retreated, and bowed again; the shake of many fans bade goodnight, for the fan speaks a universal language, and has an alphabet of infinite meaning; and the departing lanterns made visible the darkness of the narrow streets.

As for me, I groped my way to the Posada, supped upon my *gazpacho*, — that singular, but refreshing compound of water, oil, vinegar, and bread,—prepared to encounter the mosquitos and many other more silent enemies, and slept and fought by turns, till the voice of the muleteer, and

the spicy fragrance of my chocolate, warned me of the morning, and roused me from my cot: and in less than half an hour I was mounted, on my way; past the gates, across the foresaid Roman bridge; and my mule's head turned in the direction of the mountains.

But the words "past the gates" put me in mind of an occurrence worth relating: if enthusiasm for the work of Cervantes had not been the motive of my passing the gates, I should not have been permitted to pass them at all. This may seem an enigma; but its explanation is to be found in the pride which every Spaniard feels in Cervantes and his immortal work. I had no passport to go beyond Toledo, having intended to return to Madrid; and when I applied to the dispenser of passports for permission to cross the mountains to *La Mancha*, my request was met by a direct refusal. "But," said I, "my only object is to visit a country hallowed by the genius of Cervantes; I am going to travel in the footsteps of Don Quixote." Instantly the man's face relaxed; he could not resist the compliment paid to his

country. "See," said he, turning to his companion with a triumphant look, "how these English venerate our Cervantes!" and my passport was instantly made out, and delivered to me with the air of a man who receives rather than confers a favour.

CHAPTER II.

WHEREIN THE AUTHOR SETS OUT ON HIS JOURNEY, AND THE MULETEER TELLS HIS STORY.

A more beautiful morning never dawned upon the hill-tops, than that which broke upon the Toledo mountains, when, as the early convent bells were chiming, I passed the bridge, turned up the bank of the "golden Tagus," and then striking sharp to the left, followed the mule track. The sun had newly risen into a cloudless sky; and looking back from the winding mountain-path upon the city, it seemed like a range of palaces floating in the air; for a sea of light vapour hung over the plain of the Tagus, and encircled the hill upon which Toledo stands; while the towers of its cathedral, and the massive wall of its Alcazar, and the numberless spires and minarets of its convents

and churches, lifted themselves above the mists, bathed in the golden light of morning.

I do not recollect to have ever set out on a journey, with half the buoyancy of spirit I felt that morning, no not even when at the first dawn of manhood, I trod the mountain solitudes of Norway, or the charmed precincts of Ardennes. Even if Don Quixote had never existed—for does he not exist in the imaginations of all men, as vividly, and with as much of a real existence, as the heroes of antiquity or the madmen of the Crusades, who all, to us, exist like him, in the imagination—even I say, if Don Quixote had no such existence, the scene might well have excused enthusiasm. The brightness of an early summer's morning, invests any scene with numberless charms: the Toledo mountains have not many features either of the grand, or the picturesque; but there is a wild and savage loneliness about them, more impressive perhaps, than either the beautiful or the picturesque; and the bright morning sun, filling with light, the deep hollows, and distant clefts, but revealing no living form, and no human habitation,

gave additional energy to the imagination of the solitary traveller through these remote and unvisited regions.

While slowly ascending the mountain, I had leisure, for the first time, to think of making acquaintance with my guide, and was ready with a couple of segars to secure his good will; but he chanced to be at that moment busily employed, like a good Catholic, in heaping stones upon a cross—a record of murder, that stood by the way side; I can hardly say *stood*, because it was laid prostrate by the weight of the stones that were heaped upon it. Nowhere in Spain, that I recollect, are these crosses so frequent, as among the Toledo mountains; and if one is to be murdered at all, it is fortunate to be murdered in the neighbourhood of so devout a city as Toledo; for if every prayer that accompanies a stone laid upon the cross wipes off a year of punishment, as every good Catholic believes, he must indeed be a very wicked man who is not speedily prayed out of purgatory. When my guide had finished his act of devotion, I entered into conversation

with him. He was a slight young man, of three or four and twenty; and it was evident by his dress, by the profusion of silk cord and gilt buttons that covered his jacket and waistcoat, and by the open gaiters and white stockings, and crimson sash, that he was no native of Toledo, but an Andalusian.

"Si Señor," said he, in answer to my question, "I am an Andalusian."

"And how," I continued, "can you live elsewhere than in your own delightful country, with its delicious fruits and wines?"

"There are reasons for most things," said he, expressing this in the words of a Spanish proverb which I have forgotten.

I was curious to know the reasons of the muleteer, and so dismounting from my mule, and giving him a poke with my stick which sent him trotting on, I walked up the mountain path with my guide: two segars had already opened his heart, and two more completed the conquest; and as we walked leisurely forward, he gave the following account of himself.

"I am a native of Malaga; my father was drowned in the bay, while smuggling some tobacco on shore, and at seventeen I was left heir to his brown cloak, and his *Guadix* knife, the only two things he had left at home. It is an easy matter to live in Malaga; a fine melon costs no more than a quarto, and four quartos will purchase as much wine as serves to wash down a dinner of melon; and as for oil, it may be had for the asking.

Things went on well with me for five years, and then all went wrong. Upon the day of the Feast of the Virgin of Rosalio I went with the only two quartos I had, and purchased a candle to carry in the procession. This I thought was only laying out my money to interest; for I had speculated this way before, and had always been presented with a few *reals* by the friars, for increasing the respectability of their procession. As the procession was crossing the *Plaza Real*, a small puff of wind blew out my candle, and I held it to that of my next neighbour to light it again. This fellow happened to be a scoundrel who had served

me a bad trick before, and whenever I lighted my candle, he slyly blew it out; till at last, one of the friars, thinking I was playing off a jest, told me I was a good-for-nothing fellow, to get about my business, and not disgrace the procession of the Virgin of Rosalio—and all the while, the rogue who blew out the candle laughed in my face: but I put an end to his laughing; I gave him my knife."

"How," said I, interrupting the muleteer, "did giving him your knife put an end to his laughing?"

"I see," continued the muleteer, "you do not understand the *Andaluz* manner of talking; I stuck my knife into him."

"What! murdered him for blowing out your candle?" said I.

"Oh no, I gave him my knife for making a jest of me. It was a long Guadix blade, but I did not remain to see what happened; for I had no money to bribe the *Escrivano*, and if the rogue died, I must have been hanged: whether he died or not, is more than I can tell; but to make all sure, I

have since paid for twelve masses for his soul, with some money of which I eased a merchant of Alicante; and so got good absolution for whatever might have happened. The friars were too busy with the procession, and the crowd was too much occupied in looking at it, to notice an accident of this kind; so I got away unperceived, and concealed myself two days in the ruins of the castle, till all was forgotten, and then I left Malaga, and begged my way to Madrid. There I gained a few *reals* by sprinkling every one that entered the church of *San Isidro* with holy water; but in my zeal, I was so lavish of it, that the door-keepers thrust me out, and spoiled my trade; so leaving that profession, I doubled my fortune by sitting near the *Prado*, with a bit of lighted rope for the use of the *Caballeros*, who wished to light their segars.

"I had now amassed as many *reals* as bought me a basket and a couple of glasses, and I set up as a crier of *agua fresca*. This is a good trade; the water costs nothing, and I got so many quartos that I never wanted for bread or grapes, or wine;

and on feast days, I sometimes treated myself with a *puchero:* but this was too good to continue.

"One day, after I had filled my cask, I lay down under the shade of the wall that surrounds the fountain in the *Puerto del Sol*, and fell asleep, for it was the time of *siesta*. A great many others lay about the fountain also, and the one who was stretched next to me, I knew well had a grudge against me, because I wore a crimson sash and an embroidered jacket; and suspecting he meditated some mischief, I was almost as much awake as asleep. He was a sly rogue, a Biscayan; but he did not know he had to do with an *Andaluz*. I caught him making a hole in my cask to let the water out; and, *picaro!* I was not long in giving him my knife. The *Escrivanos* in Madrid are not so easily bribed as in Malaga; and although I was not without money, I took advantage of the *siesta* to get out of Madrid without any one seeing me, which was no difficult matter, as everybody was asleep; and, before night, I reached Toledo. This mule I picked up by accident. Weeding some pepper, a few months ago in a garden close

by the Tagus, I saw the mule swimming in the water, which was much swollen by the rains: this seemed a good opportunity to mend my fortune, and so by the aid of the Blessed Virgin I helped him out of the river, and I have made my bread by him ever since."

CHAPTER III.

WHICH BRINGS THE AUTHOR, AND THE READER—(IF HE RELISH THE JOURNEY)—TO THE CONFINES OF LA MANCHA.

By the time the muleteer had finished his story, which afforded a true picture of life among the lower classes, and strikingly exemplified the irritability of the Andalusian character, we had reached the highest part of the road, and now began to descend into the heart of the mountains.

None of the mountains of Spain are wilder than these; not even the sierras of Granada, nor is there any mountain-path so little travelled. In former times this was different. When Toledo was a great and flourishing city, there was much intercourse with the south; and it will be seen in Don Quixote, that several of the adventures arose out of this traffic—among others, that with the six

merchants of Toledo who were going to Murcia to buy silks.

It was a desolate scene that lay in the heart of the mountains. A few aged trees—ilex, and round-headed pine, hung upon the defiles; but the wider valleys, and broad acclivities were treeless, being covered only with furze, and the esparto-rush, mingled with many charming varieties of heath, and with numberless aromatic plants, filling the air with a wild and strange fragrance. Among these I noticed rosemary in flower, sweet marjoram, lavender, thyme, and various shrubs unknown to me both in name and perfume. From eleven o'clock until three, when the heat was excessive, we rested in the dry bed of a mountain torrent, shaded from the sun by the gnarled branches of a single cork tree; and here our wallet became considerably lighter, and our wine-skin lost something of its rotundity.

The glare of broad day had withdrawn from the valleys, and a soberer light had descended on the mountain tops, when we reached the *Venta de la Garganta*, a solitary house standing in a cradle

of the *Sierra* of the same name. This *Venta* was probably the same a hundred years ago as it is now: it is equally primitive in its construction, and in the appearance and manners of its inmates. I found the old man and the old woman, the present master and mistress of the venta, their son and his wife, its future owners, and five children of various ages, all sitting doing nothing, upon a circular stone bench that surrounded the place on the ground where the faint embers of a rush fire were collected. The old man resigned his place to me, retiring to a sort of mattress which was spread upon a stone bench farther back, then occupied by two large lank dogs; and after I had won the heart of both the old and young man by a present of some tobacco, and quite conciliated the young woman, by giving a silver *real* to a ragged urchin about four years old, I thought it was time to broach the subject of supper: but the *Venta de la Garganta* was not accustomed to entertain travellers who were so improvident as to eat up the contents of their wallets before arriving; and I was forced to be content with a *gazpacho*,

the materials of which are every where to be found, and with a draught from my wine skin. A mattress on the floor, already somewhat numerously tenanted, and without any sheets, was spread for my repose, the only interruption to which was occasioned by one of the two large dogs having selected the lower part of my mattress for his bed; and so ominous were his growls when I attempted to shake him off, that I was forced to put up with his company till his own inclination rid me of it.

I will not detail my journey from this venta to La Mancha. Next morning we were off before sunrise, but not before we had done honour to the well spiced chocolate prepared for us; for however miserable the accommodations of a Spanish venta may be, and however meagre its larder, excellent chocolate is always to be had,—and leaving the straight road which leads to *Cuidad Real*, we struck to the left, and towards noon, reaching a small elevation above the river *Giguela*, the muleteer stopped, and pointing to the wide plain that stretched to the east and south, "There," said he "is *La Mancha*."

CHAPTER IV.

WHICH, IF THE READER PLEASE TO PERUSE, WILL INFORM HIM IN WHAT CORNER OF LA MANCHA LIVED THE KNIGHT, AND HIS STEED ROZINANTE: AND WHEREIN ALSO, HE WILL BE INTRODUCED TO THE REPRESENTATIVE — PERHAPS THE DESCENDANT, OF BARBER NICHOLAS.

He who may hereafter visit *La Mancha*, with the intention of travelling in the footsteps of Don Quixote, may probably say with me, it is a thousand pities that Cervantes has not told us the name of the village in "a certain corner of La Mancha," where "there lately lived one of those country gentlemen who adorn their halls with a rusty lance and a worm-eaten target, and ride forth on the skeleton of a horse to course with a starved greyhound." Cervantes has, not however left us altogether in the dark, as to the corner of *La Mancha* in which this gentleman lived. *El Toboso*, the village of his Dulcinea, lay in its

neighbourhood; and in the course of one day's ride from his own house, the knight met the merchants on the road from Toledo to Murcia, and the Biscayan and the Lady on the road to Seville; and the same day that he quitted home, he encountered the windmills in the neighbourhood of *Puerto Lapiche.* The locality of Don Quixote's village is therefore sufficiently pointed out; and the villages in this part of *La Mancha* are not so thickly sown, but that, with these helps, we may even hit upon the precise spot that Cervantes had in his eye, when he tells us that "one morning before sunrise, unseen by anybody, in the scorching month of July, he buckled on his armour, mounted Rozinante, braced his target, seized his lance, and through the back door of his yard sallied into the field." This village could be no other than *Miguel Estevan,* situated a league and a half, or two leagues from *El Toboso;* within a day's ride of *Puerto Lapiche;* and half a day's journey from the road between Toledo and Seville.

The muleteer who had accompanied me from

Toledo, knew little of La Mancha, and less of the route of Don Quixote: not that any Spaniard is entirely ignorant of Cervantes, and his work; but he was not qualified to lead me in the knight's footsteps; and having, soon after mid-day reached the outposts of the Sierra, from one of the last of which my guide shewed me at a distance the church of *Miguel Estevan*, and the only road that led to it, I counted into his hand the number of *duros* agreed on; and he, having made them fast in his girdle, turned his mule's head in the direction of Toledo,—driving the other before him,—and with the usual salutation, pricked his beast forward, leaving me to pursue my way to *Miguel Estevan*.

It was towards the close of the day when, emerging from a small olive plantation which lay rather in a hollow, I saw within a quarter of a league, the little village of *Miguel Estevan;* and in another quarter of an hour, I entered the straggling street that composes the greater part of it. Here thought I, as I looked on every side, and saw hanging over a door the likeness of

Mambrino's helmet, here perhaps lived the barber; and there, within a few doors of him, might dwell the licentiate; and perceiving, a little apart from the other houses, one that might have suited a country gentleman, his housekeeper, and his niece, that house, I resolved in my own mind, must have been the habitation of no other than the *hidalgo* himself! So like reality indeed are the pictures presented to us by Cervantes, that we scarcely regard them in the light of fiction, even when we contemplate them at our fire-sides at home; and when actually travelling in the country of Don Quixote, and surrounded by such portraits of Spanish life and manners, and scenery, as are interwoven in the relation of his exploits, we cannot help giving a real existence to persons, and places, and adventures, instead of being contented with the belief that the fancy only of Cervantes selected real spots, as the scenes of his fiction: and this belief in the reality of the adventures of Don Quixote, is partaken also by the inhabitants of La Mancha, as will presently appear.

There was no Posada in the village; and as

night was approaching, it seemed probable that I might be obliged not only to follow in the footsteps of Don Quixote, but to imitate his example, by spending the night "under a tuft of trees;" and this, without the advantage possessed by him, who could sweetly employ the solemn hours "in musing upon his Dulcinea." But happening to cast my eye towards the bright barber's basin which I had already passed, and having a high opinion of the courtesy of barbers in all nations, I resolved to enter his shop, in the persuasion that he might assist me in my difficulty; and besides, like the courtier, who is said by Sterne to have been unable to distinguish between Yorick, the king of Denmark's jester, and Yorick who lived a century later, I confess I could not divest myself of the idea that this barber was in reality Master Nicholas, or if not absolutely that renowned personage, that he was at all events his direct descendant, and the inheritor of his shrewdness and oddities.

Business seemed to be slack with the barber this afternoon. Clothed in a pair of tight black

leather breeches, a long and ample brown cloak, and a small black cap fitting close to the head, he sat on the stone step of his door, looking up the street, and down the street, if perchance an unshaven peasant might approach; and as he saw me make directly towards the spot where he exercised his vocation, he retreated within the doorway; and when I reached it, the chair was set, the tin basin in one hand, ready to fit into the neck of the customer, and in the other, that weapon which a Spanish barber knows better than the barber of any other country, how to wield.

CHAPTER V.

WHEREIN THE AUTHOR—AND THROUGH HIM, THE READER—RECEIVE SOME INFORMATION NOT UNWORTHY OF BEING KNOWN, AND AT THE CONCLUSION OF WHICH, THE AUTHOR IS LEFT ASLEEP IN THE REPUTED HOUSE OF DON QUIXOTE, TO THE ENVY, NO DOUBT, OF THE READER.

"Good evening, Master Nicholas," said I, entering, and seating myself; "and how are your neighbours, the curate and the bachelor Sampson Curasco, and have you heard any tidings lately of the *hidalgo*, who is surnamed *Don Quixote?*" The cunning eye, and expressive smile of the barber, shewed at once that he understood me.

"And so," said he, "you, who are a foreigner, have found out the village of Don Quixote, when travellers from our own towns and provinces go to Quintana, and Quero, and El Probencio, and Pedernoso, and every village of *La Mancha*, but the right one!"

"And this then," said I, "is really the village from which the Knight of *La Mancha* set out in search of adventures?"

"Certes it is," replied the barber, "what other village should it be than Miguel Estevan? Quintana it could not be, because there is not, and there never has been any barber's shop in Quintana: as little could it be Quero, where there is not a house good enough for an hidalgo, scarcely even for a curate or a licentiate: El Probencio it could not be, because El Probencio is not in La Mancha; and neither could it be Pedernoso, because if the knight had gone from Pedernoso to the place where he encountered the windmills, he must have passed El Toboso, the village of Dulcinea, which would surely not have been omitted in the history of his sally."

I perceived that the barber was a shrewd fellow, a true enthusiast in the work of Cervantes; and desirous of trying to what length the confusion between truth and fiction would carry him, I said, "But you speak of the house of the hidalgo as if he had really existed, and of the barber's shop, as

if the barber had in reality consulted with the curate about burning the knight's books, whereas you know"—

"Oh I know very well," interrupted the barber, evidently disconcerted; "but we always speak so here, and if you will step out with me to the corner of the street, I 'll shew the identical house." A curious morsel this, for the metaphysicians—an admirable illustration of the effect which thought, constantly directed in a wrong channel, may have in warping the judgment; and while I submitted to the operation of shaving, I reflected upon the extraordinary genius of Cervantes, in having drawn fictitious scenes with so much truth, as not only to beguile the reader into a temporary belief in their reality, but even to disturb one's settled convictions of truth and fiction.

Let none but bold men trust themselves into the hands of a Spanish barber; his short reign is truly a "reign of terror;" the extraordinary celerity of his motions, and the inconceivable sharpness of his instrument, suggest every instant the idea of "hair-breadth 'scapes," and one glances furtively

into the tin basin, almost in expectation of seeing something like the tip of a nose in it.

It was now nearly dark, and I was still unprovided with a night's lodging; but as I expected, the barber set me at ease on this head. He clapped the little black cap upon his head, which had been uncovered in honour of so illustrious a customer as myself; and bidding me follow him, led the way down the street, and stopped at the door of a house which seemed rather taller and duskier than its neighbours. "This," said he, lifting his cap for a moment from his head, in reverence no doubt of the genius of Cervantes; "this is the house, the identical house I spoke of; 't is the only house in the village fit for an hidalgo, and here lives the widow of the late *Alcalde*, who will no doubt treat you well,"—and so saying, the barber pushed open the widow's door, and ushered me into a small room evidently the sanctum sanctorum of a devout Catholic, for in one corner, upon a small marble slab, stood an image of the Virgin in a glass case, and a small lamp burning before it. The widow, a portly dame clothed in

black, and without veil or mantilla, soon entered, with the usual light step, and graceful gait of the Spanish women; and being informed by the barber that I was a stranger, visiting this village because it was the village of Don Quixote, the widow of the Alcalde received me graciously, with many furlings and unfurlings of her fan, and assured me that her house was entirely at my disposal. In short, I was domesticated in a moment; my respect for her village opened her heart; a veneration for the house she lived in, won her altogether; a stew of mutton, moderately seasoned with garlic, sausages that would have shamed Epping, the unfailing *gazpacho*, and an abundant measure of *val de peñas*, formed the *refresco;* a conversation, pleasantly sprinkled with the gallantry without which all conversation is vapid in the ear of a Spanish woman, whiled away an hour; and the offer of the Alcade's widow to give up her own chamber to a stranger of so much distinction, almost led me to think that I had carried my gallantry too far.

I am now in bed, in the reputed house of *Don*

Quixote de la Mancha; and in the chamber once occupied by the hidalgo, or perhaps by his housekeeper, or his niece: and to-morrow, through "the back door of his yard," I shall sally into the fields, when "rosy winged Aurora, stealing from her husband's jealous couch, through the balconies and aerial gates of La Mancha, shall stand confessed to wondering mortals."

CHAPTER VI.

WHICH SEES THE AUTHOR FAIRLY IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE; AND IN WHICH ALSO THE CHARACTERS OF THE KNIGHT AND HIS SQUIRE, ARE THE SUBJECT OF INSTRUCTIVE DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS COMPANION.

It is well known to the readers of Don Quixote,—and who then is there to whom it is not known?—that the valiant Knight of La Mancha made two sallies from his own village; in the first of which he was knighted, in the inn which he mistook for a castle: and that, by the advice of the innkeeper, he returned to his village, that he might furnish himself with a purse, and a change of linen; but especially, that he might provide himself with a squire, as was befitting every true knight-errant. Now, although I profess to ramble in the footsteps of Don Quixote, I trust it will not be expected

that I should twice journey from the village of *Miguel Esteban;* and as the Knight of La Mancha chose the daylight for one of his rambles, and the night for the other, I must claim the privilege of selection, and avoid darkness, which could scarcely enable me to fulfil my promise of following in his footsteps.

I bade the reader good-night in the reputed house of Don Quixote; and so fatiguing had been my day's journey, that no dream of knight errantry disturbed my slumbers. I broke a lance with no one; but was awakened from my first sleep about daybreak, by the entrance of my friend the barber.

"I was thinking," said he, "that your mercy* cannot do without a squire."

"Not without a squire?" said I, "How? I am not going in quest of adventures."

"No," returned the barber, "but how can you follow in the track of Don Quixote, unless some one shew you the way? and besides, how can a caballero of your consideration, carry a wallet and

* This is the phraseology in Spain; *vuestra merced* (your mercy) in place of you.

a wine-skin; for if your mercy be truly in earnest about following in the footsteps of Don Quixote, or rather, in the footsteps of Rozinante, I reckon you 'll find stew-pans and pucheros somewhat scarce."

The barber was in the right; a guide could not be dispensed with, and I inquired of him whether he knew any one fitted for the office?

"Such people are scarce," said he; "I know of only one, and he could walk through La Mancha blindfolded: and as for the track of the knight, he can follow it with as much certainty as if, like Sancho's road out of the Brown Mountain, the knight himself had strewn it with furze."

This was just the man I wanted: I returned the barber *muchas gracias*, and told him to send this invaluable guide to me forthwith, as I should set out in less than half an hour.

"He 's not far off," said the barber, with a look which convinced me this guide was no other than himself; "trade is not brisk, and, perhaps—"

"I am afraid," said I, "I cannot promise thee so magnificent a reward for thy services as the

government of an island." But my limited patronage proved no obstacle with the barber; and the matter of remuneration was speedily arranged: he would accept of nothing more than board for himself and his mule; and in less than half an hour, we were jogging out of the village, just as "ruddy Phœbus, o'er this wide and spacious earth, displayed the golden threads of his refulgent hair."

The barber carried a wallet, well stored with provisions; and a wine-skin of most agreeable rotundity, produced by several quartillos of good *val de peñas;* and we jogged on among the scattered olives, and through the saffron fields, though without the chorus mentioned by the knight, "from the little painted warblers with their forky tongues." Such a chorus is indeed nowhere to be found in *La Mancha*, which is nearly destitute of trees. But this embellishment being contained in a rhapsody of the knight, must not be charged against the veracity of Cervantes, who, in all that he relates as having happened to his hero, adheres most strictly to nature, such as we find her to be at this day in the district of La Mancha.

Sometimes the path was only wide enough for one mule; sometimes it was broader; and then we rode side by side, and conversed by the way.

"After all," said the barber, "Sancho Panza was worthy of the government his master promised him; there never lived in La Mancha an honester man than Sancho."

"Except the knight of La Mancha," said I.

"Not honester," replied the barber: "honour for the knight and honesty for the squire; each had the honesty that befitted his station."

"True," said I, "and I believe Sancho would have scorned a dishonest action as much as his master; though friend, it must needs be admitted, that the finding of Cardenio's portmanteau in the Brown Mountain, sorely tempted, if it did not actually vanquish the honesty of Sancho, who is said to have 'rummaged the portmanteau without leaving a corner, in that, or the pillion, which he did not search, pry into, and overhaul;' and who stoutly combated the proposal of his master, to search for the owner, lest he should be forced to make restitution of the hundred crowns."

"And yet," replied the barber, "it is no more than justice to Sancho, to take into account, that he looked upon himself to be as truly the squire of his master, as were ever the squires of Amadis de Gaul or Palmerin; and that he considered all that was beneath the notice of the knight, to be the just perquisite of the squire, who was as much entitled to take the purse of a vanquished enemy, as his master was entitled to take his life."

"There is good reason in what thou say'st," returned I; "Sancho on his dapple following the Hidalgo, was a different man from Sancho in his native village: and after consenting to desert his wife and children, on the promise of the knight to give him the government of an island, there is little to wonder at that he should have looked upon the purse as justly his, when his master bade him 'keep the money for his own use.'"

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR MAKES SMALL PROGRESS IN HIS JOURNEY; BUT WHEREIN HE ENDEAVOURS TO MAKE AMENDS IN OTHER WAYS, AND PREVAILS ON THE BARBER TO TELL HIS STORY.

HERE the path became so narrow that my companion was obliged to fall behind, and I was left awhile to my own reflections, which continued to flow in the same channel.

To endeavour to assign a motive for the production of any work, is idle; for my own part, I believe that the often repeated motive, that of throwing ridicule upon books of knight errantry, was a very secondary consideration with Cervantes; and that he, like most other men of genius, wrote because genius overflowed, and sought a channel which might conduct it to immortality. It is a more interesting question to

ask, what is the aim and moral of the work? It is "all things to all men." The gentleman, the Christian, the master, the servant, may each learn something from its pages; for the Knight of La Mancha was a more perfect gentleman, a better practical Christian, a more excellent master, ay, and a wiser man too, than probably any one of those who study his life and conversation. Cervantes evidently intended to personify the intellectual and the animal parts of our nature, in the contrast between the knight and the squire. High-mindedness, loftiness of purpose, unbounded generosity, total disinterestedness, undaunted courage, humility, Christian resignation—these are the fine attributes of intellectual perfection; while in the character of the squire, we find all that is sensual, worldly, common, and vulgar, united with only that rough good sense, blunt honesty, good nature, and kind affections, which are compatible with an uninformed mind, and a low station.

I was interrupted in my cogitations by my companion pushing his mule briskly forward, and telling me it was already mid-day, and therefore

time to apply to our wallets and wine-skins, a proposition to which I not unwillingly assented; and allowing our mules to pick up a scanty breakfast, we seated ourselves under the imperfect shade of a few stunted olives, and opened the wallet.

The olive is almost the only tree found in La Mancha, and La Mancha is undoubtedly one of the ugliest countries under the sun; let nobody be deceived by the words of the song, "O remember the time in La Mancha's shades," for there are no shades in La Mancha.

The character of La Mancha may be thus briefly given: wide, uninclosed, and sometimes swelling plains; covered with scanty crops of grain, interspersed with saffron fields. Often the eye ranges over extensive reaches of sand, bearing no crop. Olive trees, sometimes planted in line, sometimes scattered, form the only shade from the scorching sun, that before the summer has far advanced, drinks up the scanty waters of every rivulet, and turns the herbage from green to brown. The river Guadiana, indeed, traverses La Mancha, and always flows a respectable river; but

all its tributaries are small; and in summer, carry no tribute at all.

Our provisions were not very tempting; the barber had been the purveyor, and had suited his own taste rather than mine. They consisted of several thick pancakes, interlarded with slices of bacon; and of cheese, bread, and wine. These are the provisions usually carried by every muleteer in Spain, with the addition sometimes of salted fish; but the pancake being well-seasoned with garlic, and the cheese made of sheep's milk, neither of them was very enticing.

As for the wine of La Mancha, in which, Sancho Panza found a solace for many of his hardships, its goodness depends altogether upon the skin in which it is carried; for unless the skin be old and well-seasoned, the best *val de peñas* acquires an unpleasant flavour. But it is impossible that the wine of La Mancha should be carried otherwise than in skins; the roads are only fitted for mules, and skins can be more easily and more safely carried across mules than casks; but indeed casks are out of the question in a

country in which there is scarcely any wood. It is no contemptible art, that of drinking out of a wine-skin without spilling the wine, and drenching the bosom; the wine-skin is held horizontally, one hand supporting its rotundity, and, by the pressure of the fingers, the wine is thrown forward to the neck, or narrow part of the skin. When, in the translations of Don Quixote, we meet with the word *bottle*, we must of course substitute skin, otherwise the sentence will sometimes be unintelligible; as for example, when, after the adventure with the wind-mills, we find Sancho visiting his *bottle*, and discovering that it was much more *lank* than it was the night before.

The sun was now blazing right overhead, so that it was out of the question to think of journeying for some hours; and as for a *siesta*, that would scarcely have been prudent where the shade was so scanty. Willing therefore, to pass the time in some other way, "Mr. Barber," said I, "I feel well convinced that you have not been all your life a barber in *Miguel Esteban;* we have now two good hours to spare; the shade of this olive-tree is

too scanty to allow a *siesta*, and how then can we spend our time better than you in telling, and I in listening, to your story."

"In truth," replied the barber, "you have guessed well in thinking I have not been all my life a barber in *Miguel Esteban*. I have been many trades; and since as you truly say, there is no shade for a *siesta*, and as our wine-skin would be dried up by the rays of the mid-day sun before we could get to *Lapiche*, you shall hear my story, such as it is:" and the barber accordingly began as related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH THE BARBER MAKES A BEGINNING OF HIS DIVERTING STORY, AND OBTAINS THE APPLAUSE OF THE READER FOR HIS INGENUITY.

"I was born in the town of *Manzanares* in La Mancha. My father was porter to the Dominican convent there, and my mother was laundress in the house of the *Duque de San Carlos*, who owned then, and for anything that I know to the contrary, owns to this day, all the town of Manzanares and the neighbouring vineyards. As for me, I led the merriest of lives till I was fourteen years of age; I was idolized both by my father and mother, and spent my time about equally, in the kitchen of the Duke, and of the Dominicans. In the one, I tasted the most savory stews, and in the other, the most delicious fruit in the world; and nothing was

farther from my thoughts than to leave so agreeable a mode of life, when one day my father called me to him and said, '*Lazaro*, it is time that thou shouldst think of bettering thy fortune, and I have found thee a road to it.'

"For my part, I felt no great inclination towards bettering my condition, which appeared to me the most agreeable in the world; and my mother was also of the same opinion: but the picture drawn by my father of my future prospects, was so flattering, that even I was anxious to commence my new mode of life. The opening was this: a certain stranger, who lately died in the house of the curate of the parish church of San Salvador, in *Manzanares*, had left to the church money for eight thousand masses to get his soul out of purgatory; and the curate, willing to receive the legacy, without the condition of saying a mass every day for twenty-two years, resolved to apply to the Archbishop of Toledo, as the head of the church, for permission to say eight, in place of eight thousand masses,—a restriction which would not affect the condition of the stranger's soul, since

the archbishop might declare, by his supreme authority, that eight mases should be as effectual as eight thousand in praying it out of purgatory.* The curate applied to the Dominicans to find a trusty messenger; they selected my father, and he delegated the mission to me.

"'This other letter,' said my father, at the same time, also, putting into my hand the letter to the archbishop, 'is for the *Padre Cirillo*, curate of the church of San Pasqual at Toledo; it recommends thee to his protection; and there is, therefore, little doubt but that he will take thee into his service, and who knows but that thou mayest, by and by, be transferred to the service of the archbishop, whose stews are no doubt as far superior to those of the *Duque de San Carlos*, as the melon you are eating, is to a turnip.' My teeth already began to water for the archbishop's stews; and I set out the same day with an honest muleteer, who was charged with wine for some of the canons. We did not lag by the way; on the second evening we

* The curate was mistaken in this opinion; it is only the Pope who possesses this power.

entered the city of Toledo, which appeared to me little less than a congregation of palaces, and scarcely even allowing myself time to dispatch a part of the puchero which the muleteer generously divided with me, I inquired the nearest way to the house of the curate Cirillo, so anxious was I to realize the promises of my father.

"'Thou shalt enter into my service,' said the *Cura*, when he had read the letter; and when I heard this piece of good fortune, I already fancied myself transferred to the service of the archbishop, and even scented the savour of his kitchen.

"My duties in the service of the *Padre Cirillo* were simple; they consisted in sweeping the church, and cleaning the ornaments used at mass; all the rest of my time was at my own disposal. If my treatment had been agreeable as my duties, I should have had no reason to complain; but the reverend *cura*, who fed upon dainties every day, shared them only with his housekeeper; and far from finding myself any nearer the archbishop's stews, I was only permitted to smell those of the *cura*. My allowance was a small loaf of bread,

and a string of onions every four days, with a scanty *puchero* on Sunday; and while I was half starved, the *cura* would say, '*Lazaro*, you young rogue, *mejor vida tienes que el Papa*, thou livest better than the Pope.'

"But hunger sharpens the wits; I set my ingenuity to work, and speedily discovered a method of bettering my condition. All my master's provisions were kept in a closet, and the door of this closet, hunger devised a means of opening; but I resolved that the theft should lie at another door than mine; and every night I made a tolerable meal in my master's store-house, by nibbling round his bread, and cheese, and bacon, so that the rats and the mice got all the blame, and I secured a double portion; for the *cura* never failed, after roundly abusing the secret thieves, to pare off all the nibbled parts, and hand them to me, saying, 'eat *Lazaro*, you rogue, *que el raton cosa limpia es*, rats are clean things.'"

CHAPTER IX.

WHEREIN THE BARBER MAKES FURTHER PROGRESS IN THE GOOD OPINION OF THE READER, WHO IS ADVISED NOT TO READ THIS CHAPTER UNLESS HE CONSIDER LAUGHTER AN AGREEABLE EXERCISE.

"ONE day, about this time, after I had been employed in cleaning the ornaments on the *major altar* in the church, I stole on tiptoe into the sacristy: God forgive me for my intention,—a slice of salted cod at breakfast, had made me thirsty, and the sacramental cup I knew was brimful. I had scarcely entered the sacristy, when I heard the footstep of the *cura* pass through the church, and I had only time to hide myself under the petticoats of the virgin of St. Pilar,*

* The images of the virgins and female saints in the convents and churches, are arrayed in garments so ample that an excellent shelter might be found where the barber sought it.

when my master entered the sacristy, accompanied by a stranger dressed as a pilgrim, who, after the door had been shut, produced from below his habit, a small wooden box, which he opened, and put into my master's hand.

"'You perceive,' said the stranger, 'that it is as withered as the ear of an antediluvian ass—it would deceive the very devil.'

"'Hush,' said the *cura*, 'recollect where you are,' at the same time glancing towards the virgin of St. Pilar, whose petticoats slightly moved, and crossing himself,—'it is not necessary that it deceive the devil, if it but deceive the Superior of the Carthusian convent.'

"'How much am I to get for it?' said the pretended pilgrim.

"'That must depend,' said the *cura*, 'upon the value put upon it by the superior of the Carthusians; put up the ass's ear, and we will go together to the convent,—surely an ear of the ass that made the triumphal entry into Jerusalem must be worth half the convent treasury;' and as my worthy master so delivered himself, he turned

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towards the virgin, as was his usual custom on leaving the sacristy, made his genuflection, and crossed himself. Whether it might be the ludicrous contrast between the sanctified face with which my master, from habit, paid his respects to the virgin, and the smile and roguish wink with which he had received the box from the pilgrim, that roused my risible faculties, I am not able to tell; but I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. At first my master trembled from head to foot, and crossed himself as fast as ever thumb could move; but common sense soon came in place of superstition; for if the virgin of St. Pilar had thought fit to shew her displeasure by laughing, the laughter would certainly not have proceeded from under her petticoats. In short, the *cura* discovered all; and dragging me from my hiding place, and telling me to remain in the sacristy till he returned, he went out and locked the door.

"I expected nothing less when he returned than an unmerciful beating; and was therefore greatly and agreeably surprised, when, again

entering the sacristy he addressed me thus, 'I perceive Lazaro, that thou art an ingenious, as well as a gluttonous youngster; for thou not only makest the rats and mice hide thy delinquencies, but even the petticoats of the virgin of St. Pilar cover both thee and them; thou hast heard what passed betwixt me and the pilgrim?'

"'I heard all,' said I, 'and saw'—'No matter what thou sawest,' interrupted he, 'I may have occasion for thy services; be discreet and secret: henceforth thou shalt dine at my table every day,' and so saying he walked out of the sacristy.

"This was the most agreeable change in the world; the *cura's* stews, though scarcely equal to those of the *Duque de San Carlos*, were delicious to one who had been obliged to nibble for six months like a mouse; my master loaded me with kindness; and one day, when we were in the sacristy together, he made me his confidant.—'The monks of the Carthusian convent,' said he, 'are making a collection of relics; the superior, '*tiene mas dinero que ingenio*,' has more money than brains,—and we, who are wiser and poorer, diminish his

treasury, and stock his relicary. Harkee, *Lazaro*,' continued he, 'the fool is not yet satisfied; thou art not wanting in wit: my invention is nigh exhausted,—the ass's ear was a last effort, and proved a hit; but if thou canst think of any thing new, half the profits shall descend into thy empty pockets.'

"This was encouragement, and I set my brains to work forthwith. One day passing through one of the streets on the outskirts of the city, I saw a cock standing upon the wall of the Franciscan convent garden, and I said to myself—'*Que alegria*,' for a happy thought struck me. When it was dark I stole from my master's house, and making my way to the garden of the Franciscan convent, I surprised a cock in the hen-roost; and next day finding myself alone with my master, I produced a cock's tongue, and said, 'what will hinder you from placing this in the relicary of the Carthusian convent, as the tongue of the cock that crew to St Peter?'

"'T is too fresh and too red,' said the *cura*.

"'Put it in the stewpan,' said I—'t will frizzle as dry as if it had not crowed for a century.'

"'Thou 'rt a marvel,' cried the *cura*, 'let me embrace thee, and so—'" but just as the barber had proceeded thus far with his story, chancing to glance towards the place where we had left our mules, they were no where to be seen. "We must go in search of them," said the barber; "and besides, the sun gets lower; and unless we jog on, we shall scarcely reach Lapiche before dark; my story is a long one, and if you have found any amusement in it, we 'll resume it another time," and so tying up our wallets, and taking another draught from the wine-skin, we rose and went in search of our mules. They had strayed a long way; but at last we discovered them taking their *siesta* under the partial shade of a sand bank; and mounting our beasts, we continued our journey.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR CONTINUES HIS JOURNEY, AND REACHES THE SITE OF "THE INCONCEIVABLE ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS," RESPECTING WHICH, AND OTHER MATTERS RELATED BY CERVANTES, HE HOLDS THE READER FOR A LITTLE IN CONVERSATION.

As we trotted slowly on, I inquired of my companion to which scene of the knight's adventures he meant to conduct me first?

"That," said the barber, "is a natural question; for although we wish to follow the track of Don Quixote, yet, as he made two sallies from his village, and as we make only one, it might be expected that we should be forced to make choice of a first scene; however it so happens that this is unnecessary; because no one has ever been able to discover the inn which he mistook for a castle, and in which the ceremony of knighthood was

performed; and we have, therefore, no choice but to make for Lapiche, and the windmills, which doubtless furnished the first adventure in the second sally."

"Is it supposed then," said I, "that the inn never had any existence, excepting in the imagination of Cervantes?"

"It existed," said the barber, reining in his mule, and looking at me as if I had uttered some profanation—"as surely as"—he was going to say as surely as the knight himself existed; but after a moment's hesitation he said,—"as surely as Cervantes himself existed."

There is little doubt, however, that the inn in question is fictitious; there is no solitary house on this track; and between Miguel Esteban and Puerto Lapiche there is no village.

It wanted yet about an hour of sunset, when upon a small elevation that lay at some little distance to the left, I descried four windmills: at the same moment the barber laid hold of my bridle, and pointed to the still existing memorials of "the inconceivable adventure of the windmills;" and as

we rode nearer, and the great sails were seen moving slowly round, the Knight of La Mancha seemed to be at my side—I saw him turn towards his worthy squire, and heard him say, "Look there, friend Sancho, and behold thirty or forty outrageous giants with whom I intend to engage in battle: fly not, ye base and cowardly miscreants, for he is but a single knight who now attacks you."

"There are there," said I, turning to the barber, "only four windmills; was it a part of the knight's delusion that he should perceive thirty or forty?"

"Partly it might be so," said the barber; "but I myself recollect when fourteen, in place of four windmills were to be seen there; the neighbouring country was then more a corn country than it is now, for the cultivation of saffron has supplanted that of corn, and there is therefore less occasion for windmills."

It does not appear that the Knight of La Mancha entered Puerto Lapiche; for after the adventure with the windmills, he sojourned with the goat-herds, when the story of the shepherdess

Marcella is told; and he then journeyed to the inn which he mistook for a castle,—not that in which he was dubbed a knight, but that in which Sancho was tossed in a blanket. I did not think it necessary however to follow the footsteps of Don Quixote so rigidly, as to avoid the town, and make my bed with the cow-herds, or under a tuft of trees; and my friend the barber yet retained as much of his original propensities, as led him to prefer the prospect of a savoury stew, to anything that our wallet could have offered him.

As we entered Puerto Lapiche, I noticed that all the women of the lower orders, wore the skirts of their petticoats thrown over their heads; this is the universal custom in La Mancha, the *mantilla* being used only by the upper classes: and it explains a passage in Don Quixote which would otherwise be obscure.

Sancho, when upon one occasion he returns home, endeavours to persuade his wife Theresa, to accept with a good grace the honours in store for her, when he shall have obtained the government of the island: he tells her how great a lady she

will then be, and that she must make up her mind to the transformation. But Theresa replies, "neither will I put it in the power of those who see me dressed like a countess or governor's lady, to say, Mind Mrs. Pork-feeder, how proud she looks! it was but yesterday she toiled hard at the distaff; and went to mass *with the tail of her gown above her head, instead of a veil.*" It is worthy of remark, that nowhere in Don Quixote is there a word spoken in praise of the beauty of the women of La Mancha; "hale," or "buxom wench," are the highest expressions that the veracity of Cervantes permitted him to use, for to have spoken of them in other terms, would have been a departure from truth. "The flower of Castilian maids," sounds well in poetry; but a Castilian maid, or a maid of La Mancha, which is the same thing, is a coarse, brown, ill-favoured personage, who in any other country would retain her maiden distinction during life.

It was almost dark when we alighted at the door of the Posada; my companion took charge of the mules, and I groped my way into the kitchen,

the only habitable place in a Posada. How different is the reception one meets on arriving at a. French or an English inn? At a Spanish posada, no bustling waiter, with his napkin, bows you into the house; no smart *demoiselle* drops a curtsey, and leads the traveller forward with the glance of her black eyes. In the Spanish posada, the traveller is welcomed by nobody; is received by nobody; is never asked his pleasure, or what are his wants; he is left to feel his way along a stone wall, and is at last directed to the kitchen by a glare of light from the fire, which is kindled on the floor. It is a curious fact too, that the rank of the traveller makes no difference in his reception. There is not one kind of welcome for the gentleman traveller, another for the coach traveller, and another for the visitor of low degree. All ranks find their level in a Spanish posada; no separate tables are set; no distinctive honours are paid; there is no scale of civility; the *caballero*, the merchant, the muleteer, are alike left to shift for themselves.

CHAPTER XI.

SHEWING THE EXTRAORDINARY POPULARITY OF CERVANTES IN SPAIN.

When I entered the posada, I found eight or ten muleteers at supper round a table, upon which stood a huge basin, whose fumes announced a stew that might not indeed vie in delicacy with those of either the Duque de San Carlos, or the cura Cirillo, but which had marvellous attraction to one who had been indebted only to his wallet for a day's living. There was a vacant place; I seated myself among the muleteers, and soon began, like the rest, to fish out of the basin with my clasp-knife, one huge piece after another. Meanwhile, the barber, who had been looking after the mules, made his appearance, and he too contrived to squeeze himself into a place.

Hitherto I had been a person of no importance; but the arrival of the barber and his opening discourse raised me a thousand per cent. in the estimation of all the company.

"Gentlemen," said he, when there was nothing left to be fished out of the stew, "the *caballero* who does us the honour to sup with us, has travelled from the remotest corner of the earth, to see the country of Don Quixote." Immediately upon this announcement being made, every eye was turned upon me; the landlord, who was seated upon a distant bench smoking, took his little paper cigar out of his mouth, and approached the table; even the girl who was stirring some mess over the fire, ceased her stirring and turned round; the long-spouted crystal gilded bottle was pushed towards me; and an old man who appeared half asleep, offered a leaf of Indian corn to roll my tobacco in. I never was treated with civility in a Spanish posada before. One of these acts of civility requires a word of explanation for those who have never been in Spain. Black bottles are rarely seen there: wine is either drunk out of the

skin, or emptied into a crystal vessel, shaped like a coffee-pot, with a long spout, in the using of which, an ingenious talent is displayed. The Spaniard does not put the spout into his mouth, but holds the vessel above; and the greater distance from which he can direct the stream with precision into his mouth, the greater is the merit. The reader must also be informed, that the Spaniards generally make their cigars at the time they smoke, by wrapping up some tobacco in thin paper; but the inner leaf of the Indian corn is preferred.

It is certainly a curious fact, but one well worthy of being recorded, that of the eight or ten muleteers with whom I shared the stew in this posada, not one of the number was ignorant of Don Quixote and his doings,—nor of the claims of Cervantes to the veneration of his countrymen. In a country where book learning is so scantily diffused, and where so few of the lower orders are educated, one might imagine that anything like minute knowledge of the work of Cervantes would be a miracle. It is true, that there is no English

novel so bound up with the manners and scenery of the country,—none so powerful in genius,—none of such brilliant invention—so rich in all that stamps a work with immortality, as this production of Cervantes; and that in all this, no proof can be offered so strong, as that which arises from the fact I have stated—the more universal and more intimate knowledge of the adventures of Don Quixote, which is found to pervade all ranks in Spain, than any similar kind of knowledge existing among the peasantry of perhaps any other country in Europe. I never omitted an opportunity,—not in La Mancha only, but in other parts, remote from the scene of Don Quixote's exploits,—of ascertaining the existence of this knowledge; and I believe I may safely say, that I never mentioned Don Quixote to a muleteer, or a peasant of any condition, without finding myself understood; an ignorant stare was never the answer I received; and I think I may even go so far as to assert, that I never found any one unacquainted with the name of Cervantes. I should certainly say, that the popularity of any other author, in any other

country, is absolutely nothing, in comparison with the popularity of Cervantes in Spain.

So much civility as I received in this posada, deserved some return; and a measure or two of superior *val de peñas*, which the innkeeper produced at my bidding, established me more and more in the hearts of the company; for be it known, that although in comparison with other nations, the Spaniards are a sober people, they are not insensible to the attractions of a measure of wine: and here again, we find Cervantes just in his portraiture of tastes and manners; for Sancho is represented as shewing much affection for the wine-skin; and in the supper with the goatherds, of which both the knight and the squire partook, the wine-cup was a vessel of so much importance, that it was the duty of one individual to hand it about.

CHAPTER XII.

WHICH EXPLAINS AND ILLUSTRATES SOME THINGS THAT NE EXPLANATION, AND PROVES THE NECESSITY OF TRAVELL' IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE; AND WHEREIN ALSO, THE BARBER RESUMES HIS STORY.

NEXT morning, betimes, the barber called me from my slumbers. "Rozinante and Dapple are waiting," cried he, thrusting his comical face over the door,* "and the squire waits permission to store his wallet for the journey; 't is a good day's journey to the inn where Sancho was tossed in a blanket; and a bad road it is for robbers; so we had best be jogging, that we may end our journey before dark."

I was ready in a trice; and having swallowed a

* In many of the chambers in the *posadas* and *ventas*, the door is only a half-door, leaving an open space at the top.

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cup of chocolate, that wafted a fragrance like that which comes from the Spice Islands,* we mounted our mules, and rode out of Puerto Lapiche. It was Sunday morning, and all the inhabitants were in the streets waiting the summons to repair to mass; and a miserably poor population seemed that of Puerto Lapiche, with the old tattered brown cloaks, and black caps fitting close to the head. How different from a holiday turn-out in France! But to any one who has travelled through Connaught and Munster, or who, after travelling through La Mancha, may visit these parts of Ireland, the resemblance between the population of a Milesian, and of a Castilian country town, will appear very striking.

It was a charming morning when we sallied out of Puerto Lapiche; and although the country upon which we entered on leaving it was anything but beautiful, it was still the country; and where

* The following is the composition of Spanish chocolate:—to six pounds of the nut, are added three pounds and a half of sugar; seven pods of vanillas; one pound and a half of Indian corn; half a pound of cinnamon; six cloves; one dram of capsicum; and a small quantity of musk.

is the country that does not smile beneath the rays of the new risen sun, and the azure of cloudless skies,—even the sickly olive looked well; and the lilac flowers of the rosemary loaded the air with their sharp fragrance.

The abundance of rosemary in these parts, illustrates the truth of a passage in Don Quixote. When the knight abides in the goat-herds' shed, Sancho speaks of the wound his master has received from the encounter with the windmills, and wishes for a balsam to cure it; and the goat-herds immediately tell him to be under no uneasiness, for they possess a cure for it at hand, and they accordingly make a balsam of the leaves of rosemary, "which grew plentifully around the shed;" and this is true not only to nature, but to Spanish usage, for the rosemary-leaf bruised, and mixed with oil, is used in La Mancha for such injuries as that which Don Quixote received in his battle with the windmills.

A knight errant travelling in these days through La Mancha, would find a lack of adventures, even if, like Don Quixote, he construed every natural

occurrence into an occasion for the exercise of his profession. Spain, in the days of Cervantes, was more a travelled country than it is now; not by foreigners, but by natives; Toledo was then a populous and flourishing city, and the cities of the south were eminent on account of their commerce with the new world. In approaching Puerto Lapiche, Don Quixote says, "there we shall have our hearts' content of adventures," and when he finds himself on the high-way he says, "we shall be up to our elbows in adventure;" but now-a-days, not a traveller is to be seen in the neighbourhood of Puerto Lapiche, — no Biscayans travelling in coaches,—nor Toledo merchants on their way to Murcia to buy silks; only trains of mules are met, and country people going out to labour. So faithful are the pictures of Cervantes, that when we find any contradiction between his sketches, and the realities we see around, we feel inclined to inquire into the cause, as if the work of Cervantes were the journal of a traveller, and not the creation of a novelist; but this is the highest compliment we can pay to his immortal production.

This observation arises from seeing no cows or cattle in La Mancha; whereas Cervantes on one occasion introduces his hero into the company of cow-herds. This little difficulty I cannot pretend to explain; all the husbandry of La Mancha is performed by mules; and even if there were cows in La Mancha, they would have been in their summer pastures in the sierras, at the time when Don Quixote perambulated La Mancha, which is stated to have been the month of July. Flocks of sheep however are occasionally seen; and in this morning's journey, a large flock grazing at the foot of a hillock could not but remind me of the celebrated adventure of the Knight of La Mancha, and his previous address to Sancho. "Seest thou that cloud of dust before us? the whole of it is raised by a vast army composed of various and innumerable nations that are marching that way." These words I chanced to repeat aloud; and the barber who was then in advance of me, hearing them, turned about his mule, and said, "I perceive that I am not the only one who looks upon the adventure with the flock of sheep, as one of the most admirable inventions of the author."

"It is," replied I, "one of the most excellent, for in it Cervantes has carried as far as it was possible, the delusion of his hero; and has made the boldest experiment upon our sympathies."

"And yet in truth," said the barber, turning round upon his beast, and looking towards the sheep, which chanced to be then crossing the road, and were raising a cloud of dust, "'t was after all no such great delusion." And sometimes discoursing in this manner, and sometimes musing, we journeyed on at a small trot, till the sun getting high, we began to think of shelter; and soon after, a small tuft of trees presenting itself, we dismounted as we had done the day before, left our mules to their inclination, untied the wallet, and took the stopper out of the wine-skin,—and seating ourselves among the saffron flowers, which in these parts grew plentifully, tinting all the fields with a bluish garment, applied with assiduity to the agreeable task, which was not despised even by the self-denying knight of the rueful countenance, who says to his squire, "see if thou hast got any thing in thy wallet."

"And now, Mr. Barber," said I, when the wallet began to grow somewhat lighter, and the wine-skin to get lankish, "suppose you indulge me with the conclusion of your story;—for judging by what I have already heard, I am certain it must contain many diverting incidents, and I long to hear how you became a barber in Miguel Esteban, and so great an admirer of Don Quixote."

"As for my admiration of the invention of Cervantes," replied the barber, "I believe there is no one in La Mancha, no one in Castile, scarcely any one in Spain, who thinks less highly of it, or more highly of it than myself; and as for the circumstance that settled me as a barber in Miguel Esteban, I ought to have told you in the beginning of my story, that although my father and my mother lived in Manzanares, my grandfather and his father and grandfather before him, were barbers in Miguel Esteban."

"Then," said I, interrupting the barber, "I am possibly at this moment speaking to the identical descendant of Master Nicholas!"

"'T is that possibility," replied the barber, "that fixed me in Miguel Esteban; for when I came to know the history of the Knight of La Mancha, in the manner you shall afterwards learn, and reflected, that I might be the descendant of Master Nicholas, and that the line of barbers was broken, I felt it a duty to step into my grandfather's shoes when he died, at the age of eighty, in the identical house where you first accosted me; but before continuing my story, and returning to the cura Cirillo, I find I must indulge myself with a nap, for I have dined heartily, and feel heavy; and by the softness of this wine-skin under my head, its contents appear to be well drained; jog me when I have slept long enough, and you shall then, since it pleases you, hear the continuation of my story." And so for the present, the barber lies sleeping under a tuft of trees; I will allow him half an hour for his siesta, and then,—

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SUBJECT OF WHICH, IS DON QUIXOTE'S ADVENTURE WITH THE GOAT-HERDS.

WHILE the barber lay snoring, I stretched myself upon the little hillock formed by the roots of one of the trees; not to sleep, but as it is said of Don Quixote, "like a hare," with my eyes open, ruminating upon the agreeable nature of the journey I had undertaken, upon the light which such a journey throws on the pages of Cervantes, and now and then smiling at the recollection of the barber's story, and the invention of the cock's tongue, and anticipating the sequel of the history: and so the half-hour I had promised to allow the barber passed away, and another good quarter added to it. It was now time to awake my

sleeping companion, for the half-hour spent in familiar intercourse with the contents of our bag, and another half-hour consumed by the *siesta*, had left but one half-hour more for the continuation of the story; and so jogging the barber, as I had promised, and saying, "Rise, friend Sancho, let us not waste in unprofitable idleness, the precious time that God hath vouchsafed to us," he opened his eyes, which soon assumed their comical twinkle, and sat up, a new man, as every Spaniard is who has enjoyed his *siesta*.

"Mr. Barber," said I, when I perceived that he was thoroughly awake, "curiosity has been upon the rack all the time you have been asleep, to learn the issue of the experiment upon the cock's tongue, and I am all impatience to hear if your trick succeeded with the Carthusian." But the barber, who was always more occupied with Don Quixote than with any thing else, without noticing my observation, looked inquiringly around him, and particularly at the clump of trees which sheltered us from the sun, and said, "so intently have my thoughts been fixed upon the contents of the bag and the wine-

skin, that I have only this moment discovered we have selected, by mere accident, the identical spot where Don Quixote was entertained by the goat-herds. You perceive that these are not olive but ilex trees, and that one of them is a cork tree."

"I perceive that what you say is true," replied I; "but how does this prove that the cow-herds' shed stood here?"

"By the most certain evidence in the world," said the barber. "You cannot have forgotten that after Don Quixote and Sancho had, 'with keen appetite and infinite relish, solaced their stomachs' with goat's flesh, 'the herds spread upon their skins great quantities of acorns;' and that it was upon the display of these, that the Knight 'took up a handful, and after looking at them attentively,' began his famous eulogium upon the golden age—'Happy age and happy days, to which the ancients gave the name of golden:' and in the same place, we read that one of the wine-skins 'was hung upon a cork-tree.' Now," continued the barber, "it so happens, that throughout all this part of La Mancha, here, in this part alone, are

ilex trees or cork trees to be found together; and here, therefore, Cervantes must have placed the goat-herds' shed."

The barber was probably right. Scarcely anywhere on the plains of La Mancha, have I seen any other trees than olives; but the reader requires to be informed that the acorns spoken of in the translations of Don Quixote, are not the acorns of our English oak, which is rarely found in Spain, but the ilex-nut or fruit of the ilex, which is sometimes called the evergreen oak: and this name, as well as the similarity in the appearance of the two fruits, may excuse the translation into the word acorn. The goat-herds' were not singular in spreading these acorns upon their table; wherever the ilex is abundant, its fruit forms an article of sustenance for both man and beast. In all the markets of Andalusia, as well as of La Mancha, baskets full of ilex nuts are exposed for sale, and almost every peasant has a pocket half filled with them, though indeed, in the date districts, dates take the place of ilex nuts. Sancho it appears was not neglectful of the acorns, for while his master

delivered his harangue, "he kept his teeth employed upon the acorns."

And now having assented to the proof offered by the barber, that we were sitting on the spot where the Knight of La Mancha delivered his celebrated harangue; and having mused a few moments, seeing in imagination the simple goatherds listening to the extravagant rhapsody of the knight, while Sancho, heedless of the fine speech, munched his acorns; and hearing him repeat to his sheep-skin clothed audience the distich of the ballad—

> "For never sure was any knight
> So served by damsel or by dame,
> As Lancelot, that man of might,
> When he at first from Britain came—"

I again expressed my anxiety to be made acquainted with the sequel of the barber's story; and he, without further preface or apology, took up the thread of his narrative in the following manner.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH THE BARBER CONTINUES HIS STORY, AND SHEWS THAT A YOUNG HEAD IS NO MATCH FOR AN OLD ONE.

"I think I broke off my relation just where my master, the cura, expressed his satisfaction at the excellence of my contrivance; the experiment succeeded to admiration. The cura found a half-starved wretch to personate a pilgrim from Judea, and to carry the relic to the Carthusian convent; and as for me, I was the happiest serving-boy in Castile. I already counted upon a hundred pistoles as my share of the adventure; and continually chinked the *quartos* that lay in the bottom of my pocket, fancying them so many ounces of gold.* All this day my master treated me as if I had been

* A large gold coin, worth sixteen dollars.

a canon; his words slipped out like oil; so savoury was his stew, that it might have been prepared in the archbishop's kitchen, and the most delicate morsels found their way to my plate.

"'Lazaro,' said the cura, 'thou art a promising young fellow; and if thy ingenuity but hold out, thou canst not exhaust it without filling thy pockets. As for thy first essay,' continued he, 'thou art not to blame for the avarice of the Superior of the Carthusians, who has valued the relic somewhat less highly than we expected; next time we'll make a better bargain. Here is thy share, Lazaro,' putting four *duros** into my palm, and closing my fingers fast upon them; 'thou never possessed so much money in all thy life before.'

"I had sense enough to say nothing, for just at that moment casting my eye towards the window, which looked up the *Calle de San Pasqual*, I perceived the messenger who had been sent to the Carthusian Convent with the relic, hastening towards our gate, and evidently concealing some-

* A *duro* is worth rather more than five francs French.

thing bulky under his habit. Feigning some sudden cause for absenting myself, I invented an excuse to the cura, whose eyes seemed as if they were already beginning to acknowledge the power of a surfeit; and making the best of my way down the stairs, I arrived at the gate just in time to receive the pilgrim.

"'Friend,' said I, 'my master, who is now enjoying his *siesta*, enjoined me before he dropped asleep, that if you should return from the Carthusian Convent before he awoke, I might receive for him what you had brought, and give you one tenth part, as your recompense;' and the pretended pilgrim, overjoyed at the hope of receiving a sum so much larger than he had any reason to expect, put into my hands a leathern purse, which he said contained twelve thousand reals in gold;* and hastily opening the purse, and counting into his hand one tenth part of that sum, I addressed him in these words. 'Friend pilgrim,' said I, 'of all the money that thou hast given me in this purse, I do not intend that one *peseta* shall ever

* 120*l.* sterling.

find its way into the pocket of my master, the cura Cirillo. Now hark 'ee to what I am going to tell thee! either thou or I must leave Toledo; and it depends upon thyself, whether thou remainest in Toledo to be hanged, on the strength of thy bad character, or leavest it with something even added to the round sum thou hast already got. Thou art a rogue and a cheat by profession, and too old to reform; the thing must therefore lie at thy door: here are four pieces of eight for thee, in addition to what thou hast already gotten. '*Va te con Dios,*' (go in the name of God); and so saying, I shut the convent gate and returned to my master, whom I found, as I thought, asleep; and stealing up to my own garret, I spread out before me the contents of the leathern purse, and sat down upon the floor beside my treasure, ringing one piece against another, and placing them in all sorts of positions, to please my avaricious eye. But while I thus sat contemplating my riches, and planning a thousand projects for extracting enjoyment from them, suddenly the door closed behind me, and the key was turned in the lock. The

vigilance of the cura, my master, had been too wakeful for my inexperience, and I was thus imprisoned along with my treasures. And now," said the barber, springing to his feet, "we must no longer delay our journey; there are four good leagues yet before us, and my story will be as good to-morrow as to-day:" and so tying up our provisions, and taking down our wine-skin from the cork-tree, where in imitation of Sancho, we had hung it, we went in quest of our mules, which had taken a liking to some sweet marjoram that grew in an adjoining hollow; and having mounted our beasts, we set forward upon our journey.

CHAPTER XV.

TREATING OF THE ADVENTURE WITH THE YANGUESIAN CARRIERS, AND BRINGING THE READER WITHIN SIGHT OF THE INN WHICH DON QUIXOTE MISTOOK FOR A CASTLE.

Soon after leaving this spot, we entered upon extensive olive grounds, which, when the word *wood* occurs in Don Quixote, must be substituted. A thick wood is scarcely any where to be found in La Mancha; the olive grounds are either scattered with trees, extending over a surface of several leagues, or are laid out in long straight avenues, at least a mile in length, but are nowhere in La Mancha, scarcely indeed any where in Spain, entitled to the appellation of a wood. Our path over the grass lay through these grounds, and a little rivulet which had not yet been entirely dried

up by the summer heats, wandered through the herbage; and as we trotted gently along, side by side, "it was somewhere in this wood," said the barber, "that the unlucky adventure with the Yanguesian carriers took place, when Rozinante was almost battered to death; the exact spot cannot be determined; but it was in 'a delightful spot, overgrown with verdant grass, and watered by a cool and pleasant stream,' and as these are somewhat rare in La Mancha, we cannot greatly err in laying the scene in this wood."

"That was an unlucky adventure," said I, "for the Knight and the Squire, as well as for Rozinante."

"But," said the barber, "Cervantes had his meaning in it; an unlucky adventure illustrates character as well as a more fortunate one. The affection of Sancho for his master, and of both for their dumb beasts, is well exemplified in it. Sancho is as faithful to his master, as Don Quixote is to his mistress; and the only difference between the benevolence of the Knight and the Squire is, that the benevolence of the squire is lavished upon

his ass, while that of his master spreads itself over the whole human race."

"Truly, Mr. Barber," said I, "thou art a philosopher, and fit to write a commentary upon your favourite author; but, for my part, much as I admire the moral and serious excellencies of the book, I cannot help regarding its humour as its chief distinction."

"In that opinion," said the barber, "your grace will find few persons in Spain to agree with you; the humour is only incidental. I am the only person in *Miguel Esteban* who possesses a copy; every Sunday night I read it aloud. Do not doubt that the audience is large, but no one laughs, though every one admires."

"Then," said I, "*Miguel Esteban* is a village of stoics." But I am sensible that the barber spoke the truth; the Spaniards are not a laughing people: I have already given some instances of the admiration of the Spaniards for Don Quixote, and I could easily add many more; but if they perceive humour in it, they do not look upon it as that kind of humour which ought to produce laughter. One

day, when speaking of Don Quixote to a highly-gifted and well-informed man, he said, "the point of the work consists in the opposition between the characters of the Knight and the Squire; and this opposition arises from the contrast between knowledge and ignorance: I find much in this contrast to induce reflection; but little to provoke laughter."

We had now left the olive grounds behind us; and passing over some saffron fields, we gained the high road, in which we continued to travel leisurely until near sunset, without passing through any village, or seeing even so much as one house; for, between Puerto Lapiche and Manzanares there is no town, and only one inn, that which we now approached, and which Don Quixote mistook for a castle.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHICH MUST BE READ BY ALL WHO DESIRE TO KNOW MORE OF THE INN WHICH DON QUIXOTE MISTOOK FOR A CASTLE; OR WHO ARE DESIROUS OF READING THE OUTSET OF POLINARIO'S HISTORY.

In every particular, the Venta de Querada reminds the traveller of those scenes with which it is associated in his memory. It was in the "court-yard" of this inn that Sancho was tossed in a blanket; and it is still entered by a *yard*. The yard too had gates, for "Sancho clapped heels to his ass, and the inn *gate* being thrown open, he sallied forth;" and the yard has gates yet: it was also surrounded by a low wall; for we read, that "the valiant knight, finding the gate shut, rode round in search of some other entrance, and when he approached the yard *wall, which was not very high,*

he perceived the disagreeable joke they were practising upon his squire;" and if at this day, the same joke were practised in the court-yard of the venta de Querada, it might still be seen outside of the wall. With such resemblances and reminiscences, it is not then to be wondered at, that when I rode into the yard, accompanied by the barber, I readily conjured up the image of the lantern-jawed knight holding grave parley with the inn-keeper, who demanded payment of his bill, and calling him "a saucy publican and a blockhead to boot," while he was brandishing his pitchfork, and sallying out of the inn.

It so happened, too, that my reminiscences of the scenes in this inn, were more strongly awakened by the circumstance of the serving maid, who acted as groom, being an Asturian. Every one recollects *Maritornes*, whose assignation with the carrier, was the occasion of Don Quixote's amorous address to the supposed "beauteous and high-born lady," when he mistook her for the daughter of the governor of the castle, and which mistake led also to the belabouring of the carcases

both of the Knight and his Squire. Cervantes describes this Maritornes as a "servant maid from the Asturias, remarkable for her capacious countenance, and somewhat short of seven hands from head to foot." Far from its being uncommon to find a servant maid from the Asturias, nothing is more usual in Castile; but this only shews, at the same time, the truth of all Cervantes' pictures, and the similitude between the usages of Spain in his days and in ours. These Asturian serving-maids are remarkable for their breadth of countenance, and their shortness and rotundity of form; and she into whose care I delivered my mule, was a fit representative of Maritornes.

The kitchen in this *venta* was not, as our last night's quarters had been, crowded with muleteers; when I entered I saw but one stranger, who stood with his back to a blazing, crackling fire, smoking his cigar. He was a magnificent specimen of a Castilian peasant; tall, finely limbed, well proportioned, and, although muscular, yet somewhat slight in his make, and combining, with an appearance of considerable strength, all the marks

of extraordinary activity. I am particular in my description of this man, because he proved to be an extraordinary and well known character,—no other than the celebrated *Polinario*, the notorious brigand; once the terror and the scourge of Spain, now a reformed character. I never in my life spent a more agreeable evening than this, which I did with Polinario and the barber; and while I listened to his interesting recitals, I forgot, for the first time, the chief object of my journey.

But I must endeavour to make the reader a partaker in the enjoyment of this evening. I soon perceived, that the barber, my companion, and the brigand, were not unknown to each other; and when my companion retired to look after his mules, I took an opportunity of slipping into the yard, and of requesting him to try if he could not prevail with Polinario, to give us some little sketch of his life, which he not only promised me that he would request, but almost promised that I should be gratified. Accordingly, when the barber returned to the kitchen, and when we had all three taken our places on a couple of low

benches, with a capacious measure of wine before us, which was briskly passed from the one to the other, "Friend," said the barber, "it is curious enough, that not twenty-four hours have elapsed since, when conversing with this Caballero, who is travelling through La Mancha that he may see with his own eyes, the spots which are immortalized by the exploits of Don Quixote, I told him, that if he should have the good fortune in our rambles, to fall in with Polinario, he could give us a history of the most singular exploits that any man had performed since the days of Don Quixote. What say'st thou friend? I am all but pledged to the Caballero for thy compliance."

"Truly," replied the brigand, "'t is not a thing I 'm over fond of; past days are past and over with me: Polinario the robber, and Polinario, paid by the king to guard his mails against robbers, are different men; and Polinario that *is*, would not unwillingly forget Polinario that *was;* for the charms of the life led by Polinario that *was*, are almost strong enough temptation, to induce him that is, to put his neck again in jeopardy. Never-

theless, as we appear to be settled here for the next three or four hours, I 'll not be niggardly: the Caballero will no doubt renew the wine measure; and before we 've drained it, you 'll have had more than enough of my exploits;" and so, having called for another, and more capacious measure, gave us the following curious recital.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH POLINARIO PROCEEDS WITH HIS HISTORY.

"I have not much to boast of in my pedigree. A rogue, as likely as an honest man, might spring from it; though indeed, the profession followed by my father, which was no other than that of gaoler and executioner in the city of Seville, is not a profession very favourable to the increase of rogues. It must be confessed, however, that he did not bring up the heir of his house in that strictly moral way which might have been expected from a man, whose sole business it was to keep down the number of rogues, and rid honest men of their neighbourhood. I was master of my own time, and was allowed to do whatever was

agreeable to me, so that I early learned to be wilful, the first evidence of which was seen in my determination to have no share in my father's business, which was not by any means to my liking.

"I had scarcely attained my fourteenth birth-day, when one day, my father, who chanced to have just then a great press of business on his hands, and who up till that period had never concerned himself in what manner I disposed of my time, tapping me smartly on the head with the key of the gaol, from which he had just returned, said, 'Pol boy, I have been thinking, that thou 'rt an idle rogue, and don't earn so much as thy gazpacho. Business so increases upon me, that I have need of an assistant: three rogues are to be hanged to-day, and three to-morrow; and I have just received an order to hang that notorious brigand Campo, the day after. What with looking after the prisoners, and minding my ropes, and going to mass, I've scarce time to eat my puchero; and I'm resolved that thou shalt never eat another, unless thou earnest it.'

"I had already sometime resolved upon leaving Seville, and pushing my fortune, for I had to suffer a good deal of unsavoury jesting in regard of my father's profession; so that my father's harangue made no difference in my determination, excepting only that I resolved not only to go myself from Seville, but that Campo, who would otherwise be hanged the day after the next, should accompany me; for Campo, who had been sometime in prison, amused and interested me with relating his exploits, and I determined to enter the world under the guidance of so experienced a hand.

"To all that my father said, I made answer: that nothing would be more agreeable to me, than to take some part of his duties off his hands; and that although I was not yet able to use his rope adroitly, 'this key,' said I, 'I am able to turn in the lock; and if you will look after your rope, I'll undertake to look after those for whom it is intended: so dear father, take your pleasure; eat your puchero in peace; go to mass, if so be you are inclined; never stay at home on a Monday,

when all the world's after the bull-fight; and I 'll warrant you 'll find all snug when you return home to your gazpacho.'

"'I don't doubt it lad,' said my father; 'there's a peseta for thee; I'll see the bulls this afternoon, God willing; and meanwhile look thee well after the rogues.'

"'Trust me for that,' said I; and when my father was gone to the bull-fight, I took the key of the gaol, and went in search of Campo, who was no way loth to profit by the disguise I brought him; and we were soon trudging together, at a round pace in the direction of Cordova.

"'Youngster,' said Campo, after we had left some leagues between us and Seville, 'though thou hast saved me from hanging for the present, I mean that thou shalt earn thy own puchero; and I 'll tell thee how to go about it.'

"'That 's all I want,' said I; 'I long to eat a puchero of my own earning.'

"'Thou need'st not long a great while,' said Campo; 'judging by the state of my own stomach, thou would'st not object to sup.'

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"'No indeed,' said I, 'I want but to be shewn the way to the pot.'

"'An empty pot would furnish an indifferent supper,' said Campo; 'what we want is something to put into it; but thou 'rt yet but a simpleton: did'st thou hear any noise just now in that ilex wood on the left?'

"'Nothing but some grunts,' said I, 'and a squeak or two.'

"'That 's the noise for us,' said Campo, rubbing his hands. 'Come my lad, be stirring; bring hither a squeaker; thou hast done a bolder deed than that this day.'

"As this may be considered my entrance into the world, I am particular in my relation: I had no difficulty in capturing the materials of our supper, and before another half-hour elapsed, we were in a deep hollow worn by a little brook, lying beside a blazing fire, and a steam saluting our nostrils that would have been grateful to a bishop.

"'This,' said Campo, as he stuffed one huge piece after another into his mouth, 'this is better than hanging: what thinkest thou, little fellow?'

"'I think,' said I, 'my father's pucheros are not fit to be eaten.'

"'Thou shalt never fare worse,' said Campo; 'only take this into thy account, that hanging sometimes turns out to be the *dessert;* and hark'ee young one, I would rather not burden my conscience farther; it has near about as much as it can conveniently carry. I 'm a man of honour, and a good Catholic; and would not return evil for good. Thou hast saved my neck for the present; and I'd rather not put thee in the way of standing my substitute. We are not yet six hours' walk from Seville; go back to thy father; better taste a rope end, than dangle at the end of a rope; 't will cost thee but a beating; and scarce that; for he knows Campo; and will conclude that I helped myself to the key, and am indebted to no one but myself.'

"But Campo spoke in vain. I told him I was resolved to follow him; and that I would never be of a profession that forced me to take part against honest men like him.

"'Well well,' said Campo, 'if such be thy determination, here 's my hand; I 'll make a man

of thee;' and we were soon clear of the wood, and passing quickly through the meadows that lie along the side of the Guadalquivir, Campo striding first, while I followed at a little trot.

"We had not gone far, when Campo stopped, and said, 'now youngster, we must cross the river,' and although I was a bold lad, I glanced with some uneasiness at the broad river that glided smoothly by: but Campo knew what he was about; a little boat lay close under the bank, and we were speedily transported to the other side of the river, and making all speed towards the Sierra Morena.

"It was yet scarcely sunrise, when, having turned a defile in the mountains, I saw before me, in a deep and wide hollow, between thirty and forty horses saddled and bridled, the saddle-girths loose, and the bits covered with foam, and beside them, as many men, who appeared by their gait and dress to be so many cavaliers of distinction. No sooner did we emerge from the defile, than in reply to a signal from Campo, a loud shout of welcome resounded far and near; and Campo,

advancing, presented me to his comrades, as an honest youth who had done him a good turn, and who wished for the society of gallant men.

"I will not detail to you señores, either the particulars of my reception, or the life which I led during all the time that I was associated with the company of Don José, who took especial notice of me, and often told me that I should one day be his successor.

"'That Don José,' said the barber, interrupting Polinario in his narrative, 'was a very devil.'

"'He was not all devil,' said Polinario; 'I've known him do many generous and good deeds.'

"'They've never reached my ears,' said the barber.

"'One just now comes to my memory,' said Polinario, 'and by your leave, I'll give the memory of Don José the advantage of it.'

"'By all means,' said the barber.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF THE RENOWNED DON JOSÉ.

"It was not a very long while before the band of Don José was broken up, that one night, on the road between Seville and Cordova, we fell in with a caballero, well mounted, riding with extraordinary speed, and attended by three persons, mounted and armed as well as himself. Drawn up to the number of eight or ten across the high road, each of us with his carbine to his shoulder, to pass us, or to encounter us, were equally out of the question. 'Surrender, señor, with a good grace,' said the lieutenant, 'and it will be better for thee; we want but thy money; after spending a night with us, thou shalt pursue thy journey.'

"'For the love of God, in the name of the most blessed Virgin, and of all the saints,' said the caballero, 'do not detain me: I am rich; my money I will willingly give; but what can it serve thee to detain me on my journey? Do I speak with the leader?' added he; 'if not, I beseech thee lead me to him;' and the lieutenant immediately conducted the stranger to Don José, who with myself and the rest of the band, had remained at a little distance.

"'Señor,' said the caballero, 'although I address a bandit chief, I address one who has at least the reputation of sometimes doing just and kind deeds.'

"'And you probably think, señor,' said Don José, 'that it is neither just nor kind to make free with this purse, which is none of the lightest.'

"'The question of justice we shall not debate,' said the caballero; 'I do not complain of the loss of my purse, but of the loss of my time,—in making free with which, no advantage can accrue to Don José,—for I take it for granted, it is him whom I address.'

"'Shew me,' said our leader, 'that time is of value to you, and I promise not to encroach upon it.'

"'I have a sister,' said the caballero, 'young and beautiful, who is beloved by a noble of Andalusia, to whom she was once betrothed. My father disapproved of the marriage, because he wished her to marry the Captain-General of Andalusia.'

"'Don Mendizabal de Zativa,' interrupted Don José.

"'The same,' said the caballero.

"'Better marry the Devil at once,' said Don José; 'she shall not marry the Captain-General.'

"'Well, my sister chose the veil in preference; and was sent by my father to the convent of Santa Clara, at ———. This day her noviciate expires; and to-morrow she will be lost to us all. Yesterday, it was the will of God that my father should die. I am now my sister's legal guardian; and if I am able to reach ——— by sunrise to-morrow, I can assert my right, and with her own consent, claim her.'

"'She shall marry the caballero yet,' said Don José, 'if he be worthy of her.'

"'He is worthy of her,' said the stranger.

"'Does she love him?' again demanded our chief.

"'She did love him, as he deserved to be loved,' said the caballero; 'and though, being destined for the veil, she cannot now avow her affection, I am sure she loves him still.'

"'Señor,' said Don José, 'I will not only permit thee to pursue thy journey, but will even assist thee in thy object.'

"'I am grateful for the offer,' said the caballero; 'but it is unnecessary that I should accept it. All I ask is, leave to pursue my journey.'

"'Thou art mistaken, friend,' said Don José, 'in imagining the object in view so easy of accomplishment. True it is, indeed, that as the brother of the novice, her father being dead, the right to claim her is yours; but the right extends but to the term of the noviciate. If once the vow be pronounced, it is irrevocable. Think ye, that upon your assertion that her father is dead, they

will give her up? they will say, 'prove thy right first:' from her, all will be concealed; and long before it be possible for thee to prove thy right;—nay, my belief is, that thou wilt hardly have left the convent gate, before thy sister will be compelled to pronounce her vows. I am resolved,' said Don José, in his own impetuous way, 'that she shall never take the veil; but come,—'t is already past midnight; mount, young gentleman, and do not spare the horses; ours will keep pace with them;' and before another five minutes had elapsed, the caballero and his attendants, followed by Don José and all his troop, were on the road to ———, the ground ringing beneath the hoofs of our horses.

"The sun had some time risen, when we clattered through the village of ———, and came to a halt before the gate of the Convento de Santa Clara.

"'Now,' said Don José, addressing the caballero, 'try if they will give thee up thy sister.'

"Having knocked at the gate, the caballero was admitted alone. I have no means of knowing

what followed; but a short time only had elapsed, when he returned to us.

"'Well, señor,' said Don José, 'what success?'

"'As you predicted,' said he; 'they refuse to give me my sister, or even so much as to allow me to see her. 'We have no proof,' say they; 'and besides, it is with her own consent that she takes the veil; and without her consent, no one can claim her.'

"'There 's no time for anything but acting,' said Don José; 'I 'll lay a duro or two, the ceremony's already begun; and unless we make speed, we 'll have to restore thy sister shorn of her locks; come,' added our chief, addressing me, 'step from thy saddle on the wall, and open the gate for us;' and before the words were well out of his mouth, I had stepped on the wall,—dropped on the other side, and was stoutly engaged with two or three friars, who interposed themselves betwixt me and the gate; but in a trice, I was joined by several of our band, who had followed my example; and in another minute, the whole troop was drawn up within the court.

"The Abbess, a dignified old woman, now appeared on the steps that led to the inner door; and walking across the court, was beginning to address our leader, when Don José, interrupting her, said 'Madam, I am Don José; these are my men; you have heard of me before; lead us into the convent, and conduct hither the sister of this caballero;' but without waiting for her answer, Don José, motioning to me to follow him, walked past the abbess, and straight into the convent; and there, sure enough, we found everything as Don José had predicted. The ceremony had already begun; the novice, not yet indeed divested of her locks, and still wearing her noviciate habit, stood, ready to pronounce the oath that would have separated her from the world. The priest stood ready to administer it. It may easily be believed, that our entrance changed the face of affairs.

"'What is thy sister's name?' whispered Don José to the caballero.

"'Inez,' replied he; and Don José, then walking straight up to the novice, and putting aside

the numerous arms that would have intercepted him, 'Inez,' said he, at the same time beckoning to the caballero to advance, 'dost thou know this caballero?'

"'My brother, my brother!' cried she; and the next moment she was locked in his arms.

"'Monstrous profanation!' exclaimed the abbess.

"'Back!' roared the priest; 't is with her own consent that the novice, Inez, assumes the veil; who dares— !'

"'Inez,' said the caballero, 'is it with thy consent that thou takest the veil?' and at the same moment that he put the question, he led forward one of those individuals who accompanied him in the capacity of attendants; and he, throwing back his cloak, displayed the rich dress of a noble.

"Never before was there seen so deep a blush on the cheek of a novice, as that which overspread the cheeks of Inez, and she would have fallen to the ground, had not her brother encircled her with his arm.

"'Lead the way to the chapel,' said Don José, pushing the priest before him.

"'O Dios!' said the priest, holding up both his hands.

"Inez, too, modestly and timidly hung back, when her brother, addressing her, said, 'Inez, my sister, thy noviciate is ended; God has given to me the guardianship of my sister; I restore thee to the world with thine own consent; and with thine own consent entrust thy happiness to one who knows the value of that which is confided to him:' and he, leading the now pale, trembling, and beautiful novice, while Don José followed the priest, all stood before the altar.

"It is not necessary that I should relate what followed; you can imagine the sequel; the novice became a bride; and thus the object of our interference was accomplished. This, you will allow, was a good deed; but it is only one, of a hundred instances I could give, of such actions performed by the unfortunate Don José."

CHAPTER XIX.

WHEREIN THE BARBER UPHOLDS THE SUPREMACY OF DON QUIXOTE; AND WHEREIN ALSO IS RELATED THE CURIOUS INTERVIEW BETWEEN POLINARIO AND THE BISHOP OF JAEN.

"In truth, Master Nicholas," said I, turning to the barber, "this exploit of Don José might almost entitle him to rank as a knight errant, since none of their duties are so sacred, as that which enjoins them to succour distressed damsels."

"Ay, but," said the barber, "Don José had thirty to back him; but the Knight of La Mancha had but his own single arm."

"And the arm of Sancho," said I.

"Squires are forbidden to meddle in their master's affairs," said the barber; "and Don Quixote shewed that he had no need of anybody's

aid. To my mind, his encounter with the Biscayan needed more valour than Don José's exploit, in which he had only women and friars to contend with. In truth, the Knight of La Mancha would have entrusted the management of that affair to Sancho, and would have thought it derogatory to him to meddle in the business."

"I do not liken this exploit of Don José," said Polinario, who evidently knew the barber's way, "to the exploits of the Knight of La Mancha; but you 'll admit, friend," added he, addressing the barber, "that its results were of more value."

The barber would fain have been able to take up, like the knight himself, the plea of enchantment, as an apology for his want of success; and not readily finding an answer to the allegation of Polinario, he said, "the intention is everything; the Knight of La Mancha wished to relieve the distressed, succour the innocent, make wrong, right; destroy oppressors, and aid the weak by the strength of his arm. We are not to judge by the event only; though the giants turned out to be windmills, and the contending

armies sheep, and those whom he would have succoured, persons not standing in need of succour, all the world knows, that he would have assaulted a giant, as readily as a windmill; and in truth, I apprehend, a giant would have been the easier vanquished of the two; but come, friend," added he, and relapsing into his good humour, which had been somewhat ruffled by the supposition of any comparison between the exploits of Don José, and those of the Knight of La Mancha, "continue the narrative of thy own life, from which we have been too long detained by this foolish adventure of Don José."

"Poor Don José," resumed Polinario, "ill fortune overtook him. One by one, the greater number of his band were slain, or taken, and at length, in an encounter near Baylen, he himself was made prisoner; and was soon after, hanged at Cordova. I had often observed, that the misfortunes which overtook our band, were occasioned by too many being associated together; and when the news reached me at ———, where I chanced then to be on a voyage of discovery, that the band

was destroyed, and Don José a prisoner, I resolved thenceforward, to have neither partakers in my good fortune, nor companions in my reverses; and I will venture to say, that from that hour, the name of Polinario, who was never known to be otherwise than alone, was as terrible throughout ———, as that of Don José had ever been, with his thirty or forty carabines to back him. Peace to his memory!" said Polinario, taking a long draught from the wine-measure: "I suspect there 's little time left for my own adventures; in half an hour, my time will be up; but if you and this caballero are travelling about La Mancha, we 'll meet again—and then—"

"Most likely," said the barber, interrupting Polinario, "we shall fall in with each other again; but before separating now, let us at least hear the account of thy adventure with the Bishop of Jaen, which led, as all the world knows, to thy change of life."

"That will take but little time in telling," said Polinario. "I had been ten years and more at my trade, before that took place; and many are

the escapes I had had,—thanks, sometimes to luck; and a time or two, to my own courage, though indeed, I should not boast of that, which however the world gives me credit for."

"Nobody will doubt thy courage," said the barber, "but here in La Mancha, we 're difficult to please on that head; as thou may'st well believe; one valorous deed is fairly compared with another; and he would be a devil rather than a man, whose exploits eclipsed those of the Knight of La Mancha; but I must not interrupt thy relation, else we 'll be cheated out of thy story."

"I was saying," resumed Polinario, "that I had been ten years a robber before my encounter with the Bishop of Jaen. I began to be tired of extremities and escapes; and although I sometimes think, now that I am clear of all such difficulties, that I 'd once more like to take my seat on the little wall on the winding road above the venta de Cardeña, with my carabine in my hand, yet I had then begun to lose conceit of my trade. Well, I was somewhat low in purse, and threatened on many sides, when sitting one day in my ac-

customed place, I descried a carriage and six mules just turning the summit of the mountain; and at the same time, a man well mounted, passed by me in advance."

"Holloa friend," said I, "who comes yonder?"

"The Bishop of Jaen," said he, "God preserve his reverence!"

"Well," said I to myself, "a bishop's gold 's as good as another's; and he can better afford to lose it: he is reputed a good man; so he shall give me his blessing besides;" and the carriage rapidly drawing near, I sat down on the wall, as usual, and presenting my carabine, made a sign to the muleteers to stop. They knew whom they had to deal with, and the next minute I was at the coach door.

"The bishop, seeing that his people made no resistance, did the only thing he could do: he held out his purse to me, and at the same time said, 'Ah my son, 't is an evil trade thou art engaged in;' but there was something in the words, and tone, and look of the grey haired bishop, that softened my heart; and at the same

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moment that his purse dropped into my hand, I dropped upon my knees, by the steps of his coach, and throwing my hat on the ground, said, 'Reverend father, Polinario begs thy blessing.'

"'Of what value,' said the Bishop, 'were my blessing, unless approved of by God; and how could the blessing of God descend upon thee, at the moment when thou outragest his laws? Be no longer what thou art, and willingly my blessing will be given to thee.'

"At this moment, a sudden hope took possession of me. 'Reverend father,' said I, 'it needs courage, when a man has health and youth, to walk voluntarily to the foot of the scaffold. Polinario might as well tie the rope round his own neck, as relinquish his trade.'

"'May God turn thy heart,' said the bishop.

"'Stay, reverend father,' said I, still remaining on my knees; 'I am a robber, it is true; but I am guiltless of blood, and where I have sworn an oath, I have never broken it: your reverence has interest with the king; obtain the royal pardon for

Polinario, and I swear by the God that made me, that I will do all thou requirest of me.' "

But just as Polinario had proceeded thus far, the sound of wheels was heard approaching; and there was only time to pass round, and drain the measure, when he was called to his duties.

"I hope," said I, "we may meet this singular man again; he must have many adventures to relate worth listening to."

"No doubt," said the barber; "but what are his exploits, any more than those of Don José, to the exploits of him whose footsteps we are following!" and it was evident, from the manner in which the barber expressed himself, that he did not clearly distinguish between the real exploits of the one, and the fictitious exploits of the other; but I fear these relations of Polinario's, have suffered me to digress too long from the main purport, and object, and subject-matters of this book; for to lose sight of Don Quixote for so long a time, is a liberty which even Cervantes has not suffered himself to take. It is, indeed, one of the peculiar excellences of the work, that the interest of the reader

shall never be too long estranged from the hero and his eccentricities. Numerous examples of this might be given; but to mention only one, — a story is told in the kitchen of a posada, and the listeners became interested in it; and Cervantes suspecting this, and resolved never to keep his hero too long in the back-ground, suddenly interrupts the story by extraordinary and unheard-of sounds, which are occasioned by Don Quixote getting up in his sleep and attacking a number of wine-skins, and by this means the attention of the reader is recalled to the main purport of the work.

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH THE READER IS FURTHER INFORMED RESPECTING THE INN WHICH DON QUIXOTE MISTOOK FOR A CASTLE; AND IN WHICH ALSO, THE READER IS FAVOURED WITH THE BARBER'S OPINIONS UPON MANY POINTS, AS WELL AS WITH THE AUTHOR'S NOTICES OF THE ACHIEVEMENT OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET, AND OF OTHER FAMOUS EXPLOITS OF THE KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA.

For some time after Polinario departed, I remained in the kitchen, with the barber: all in the inn had long since retired to rest; a profound silence reigned throughout the whole house, in which there was no other light than a lamp stuck up in the passage, just as it is said to have been on the night when the Don himself slept there; and this "wonderful quiet," which disposed the knight towards those reflections relating to the

events recorded in books of chivalry, and made *him* fancy the inn a castle, certainly had the effect of adding vividness to the fancies which crowded upon *me*, sitting here in the inn which the knight mistook for a castle, and in which such a singular complication of events are recorded to have taken place.

My associations with the inn were not likely to be disturbed by the night accommodation which it afforded. "I verily believe," said the barber, when the Asturian maid lighted us to the sleeping-room, and hung the little lamp upon the cross-beam in the passage, "that your mercy is about to sleep in the identical bed that received the Knight of La Mancha;" and so indeed the barber might well say, for it was literally "four rough boards, supported on two benches of unequal height, covered by a mattress so thin that it might have passed for a quilt, and full of knots, so hard, that they might well have been mistaken for pebble stones." The barber turned up the mattress, and examined the boards, remarking that they appeared some hundreds of years old; and so wistfully did

he eye the bed, that seemed scarcely to have been made since Don Quixote lay in it, that I offered to resign it for his, which was spread upon the floor, and was composed of the furniture of the two mules, as Sancho's is recorded to have been. No amorous Maritornes disturbed our nightly slumbers; no jealous carrier bathed our jaws in blood; nor did any "trooper of the holy brotherhood," or "enchanted moor," discharge a lamp full of oil upon the "pate" either of the barber or myself.

I might however have, with great propriety, addressed Master Nicholas in the words addressed by Don Quixote to his squire: "Art thou asleep, friend Sancho? friend Sancho, art thou asleep?" and he might very well have replied, "God's my life! how should I be asleep, seeing all the devils of hell have been upon me the whole night;" for although the arm of no "monstrous giant" descended upon either of our jaws, other torments, which need not be enlarged upon, proved almost as great hindrances to repose, as the pummeling bestowed upon our illustrious predecessors.

It was yet but the first blush of day that overspread the east, when, mounting our mules in the yard of the inn, we returned the parting salutation of the landlord, answered the smile of the Asturian damsel, and pricking our beasts, trotted out at the gate into the high road.

"It was in this day's journey," said the barber, after we had proceeded a few hundred yards side by side, "that the Knight of La Mancha found his heart's content of adventures,—you see these hillocks, and the meadows that lie between them; here it was that he made havoc with the flocks of sheep; a little farther on, the adventure of the corpse took place,—then followed the unheard-of adventure of the fulling-hammers; the acquisition of Mambrino's helmet succeeds next,—and, lastly, the adventure of the galley-slaves."

"And are all these adventures connected with any particular spot?" I inquired.

"No," replied the barber; "the high-road was the theatre of them all; but, excepting the last, which took place near the Sierra Morena, of which the 'Brown Mountain' is a part, they cannot be referred to any precise spot."

"'T is unfortunate," said I.

"'T is unfortunate," said the barber.

"I should have liked of all things," said I, "to have seen the spot where Don Quixote first clapped Mambrino's helmet upon his head."

"Now, to my mind," said the barber, checking his mule, "the adventure of Mambrino's helmet might have been omitted without great loss to the book, for 't is out of nature."

I could not agree with the barber in this; but I did not press my opinion upon him: it was easy to see why he should think as he did. The barber's basin was his every-day companion; and the fancy of Don Quixote in converting it into a helmet, was too violent a perversion of fact to obtain his assent to it. At every step in Spain, the traveller is reminded of this adventure, for in place of the barber's pole, a shining brass basin is suspended at every barber's shop.

"But for my part," said the barber, "though the excellent genius of the author is displayed in the adventures of his hero, these are to be looked upon only as heads of the discourse, or prominences in a landscape, which, although more

striking, are perhaps less valuable than that which intervenes,—for example," continued the barber, and stopping his mule upon a slight elevation which we had attained; "look before us, or to the right, or to the left, various eminences are visible, gilded by the morning sun, and the country that lies between them is less visible and prominent than they are; yet I make no doubt, that fine olive grounds, and rich vineyards lie concealed, and must be passed through in approaching them; and so I think, that the conversations between Don Quixote and his squire, which lie before or behind the adventures, are as worthy of our attention as the adventures themselves;"—and in such pleasant and instructive discourse, we went on our journey, at an easy pace, passing, one by one, the places which although not absolutely identified with the knight's adventures, are yet so little removed from the scene of them, that something nearly approaching to a belief in their identity is created; and, perhaps, the slight uncertainty rather increases interest than diminishes it; and the barber did not

fail to say, "there it most likely was, that the singular delusion of the flock of sheep took place; and that, the hillock where Don Quixote posted himself, and gave Sancho a detail of the knights that served in the two armies;" or, "here it might probably be that the adventure of the fulling-mills took place, for yonder are two or three chestnut trees, and a running brook, and some rocks," as the scene is described by Cervantes; or, "it was doubtless hereabouts, that a man was discovered by the knight, riding, with something on his head that glittered like polished gold;" or "it was without doubt near this place, that as Don Quixote and his faithful squire jogged along as we do, the knight delivered his famous discourse upon knight-errantry."

CHAPTER XXI.

WHICH NO ONE IS ADVISED TO PASS OVER, EXCEPTING SUCH AS DO NOT WISH TO HEAR OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE FULLING-HAMMERS, OR WHO DO NOT CARE TO READ A VINDICATION OF CERVANTES' CONSISTENCY.

We had now left the wearisome plain of La Mancha, which was lost among the outposts of the Sierra Morena; and the country assumed a new, and charming aspect. The green of the northern acclivities had resisted the partial influence of the sun, and was refreshing to the eye; the air blew cooler upon the forehead; now and then hidden rills trickled by the wayside, and the chirp of little birds was here and there and everywhere. This is not a traveller's record of all he sees and hears,—else I would speak of the town of Val de Peñas; for although we nowhere read in Cervantes that

his hero passed through it, yet as he travelled on the high road, to the Brown Mountain, and as there is no more than one road, the traveller who follows in his footsteps must needs pass through Val de Peñas, whether he halt there or no. But my business is only with Don Quixote; and where nothing can be found to illustrate his progress, I take the liberty of using my discretion.

We had now entered "a spacious and retired valley between two hills," which was therefore the spot marked out as the scene of the adventure of the fulling-hammers.

"That adventure of the fulling-hammers," said I, "is not among the most remarkable of those recorded of our hero."

"And yet," said the barber, "it has its point, and to my mind, is not less interesting than some that are more spoken of;" and the barber was right. In no one of the adventures is the intrepid character of the knight better displayed: figure "the solitude of the place;" "the dreary whisper of the trees;" add the darkness of the night, and the noise of the water and strokes of the hammers;

and then figure the knight, battered and bruised as he was, from his adventure with the flock of sheep, bracing his shield, brandishing his lance, and saying, "I am he for whom strange perils and vast adventures are reserved;" and then how beautifully it brings before us, the kind-heartedness of honest Sancho, who, when his master, preparing to set out on the terrible adventure, tells him to wait three days at farthest, and then to return to Toboso, and tell Dulcinea, how her captive knight died, "began to blubber with incredible tenderness," and shews his plain sense and bluntish notions of the high honour inseparable from knights errant in trying to prevail with his master to turn out of the road; "since," says he, "if nobody sees us, we run no risk of being accused of cowardice." And then in its turn, we have displayed the kindness of the knight, who says, "God who has put it into my heart to attempt this dreadful adventure, will doubtless comfort thee in thy affliction." While I was thus musing on things that might naturally enter the thoughts at such a time, we were almost shut in among the ridges of

the Sierra Morena, and the day was drawing to a close.

"I hope," said the barber, "your mercy has left some Dulcinea in your own country, upon whose charms you may be able to muse the live-long night; for I am much deceived if we shall be able to find any better shelter than a tuft of trees."

"And if such be the case," said I, "I hope thy bag and wine-skin are well stored,—the night is warm, and the sward soft and yielding, and I look forward to as much entertainment from the continuation of your story, as Don Quixote received from Sancho's, of the goats that were ferried one by one over the river Guadianïa."

"In good truth," said the barber, looking about, and upward at the tall trees which grew around, "this is the spot where that same story was told, while the knight remained mounted on Rozinante, and Sancho grasped his leg through terror. Even this singular story, which Cervantes puts into the mouth of Sancho, cannot be read by one conversant with Spanish usages without resemblances being discovered in the usages of those

days and ours. Sancho relates in his story how the shepherdess Torralva in her pilgrimage, carried with her 'a bit of a looking-glass, a broken comb, and a wash for her complexion,' and the two former of these, I have myself seen carried by a young woman who had little else to carry."

"As we have just mentioned the adventure of the fulling-hammers," said I, "and are even now near to the spot where it took place, I will disburden myself of a thought that I have had about this same adventure; and if thou can'st help me to an explanation of my difficulty, I'll be thy debtor."

"Your worship is welcome," said the barber, "to all my poor stock, if aught I know or think can help us in a difficulty."

"It seems to me," said I, "that it is an error in Cervantes to make his hero conscious of his delusion: which, in the adventure of the fulling-hammers, he is; for when the morning dawned, and they discovered that the sounds which had so terrified Sancho, and so elevated the chivalrous hopes of the knight, were occasioned by six fulling-hammers, and when Sancho gives way to,

laughter, at the expense of his master. Don Quixote says, 'I will not deny that that which has happened to us, is ridiculous enough;' now why in this instance, should the knight be represented as yielding his senses to the same evidence as that to which the senses of other men surrender, when he has not done so, in any of his previous adventures. When for example, he has been vanquished by the windmills, and when Sancho, distressed at the bruised condition in which he finds him, says, 'did I not assure you that they were no other than windmills? I believe, nay am certain, that the sage Freston, who stole my closet and books, has converted those giants into mills in order to rob me of the honour of their overthrow.' Then again, when after the adventure with the flock of sheep, when the knight is in the most grievous plight, and when Sancho, 'beholding with amazement' the madness of his master, and coming to his assistance, says, 'did not I warn you signor Don Quixote to turn, and assure you that those whom you went to attack were no armies, but flocks of innocent sheep?' 'How strangely,' replies the

knight, 'can that miscreant enchanter, who is my enemy, transmogrify things to thwart me; the malicious wretch who persecutes me, envying the glory I should have gained in this battle, doubtless metamorphosed the squadrons of the foe into flocks of sheep.' Now, in the adventure of the fulling-hammers, can'st thou friend give me any reason why Don Quixote should not in place of admitting the thing to be ridiculous, and that he had been deceived, have ascribed what he saw to the machinations of the enchanter his enemy, and have asserted, that the fulling-hammers had been something else than fulling-hammers?"

"Your worship," said the barber, "has started a difficulty that did at one time occur to me also; but I think it can be made clear, that nothing can in this be charged against Cervantes, or the consistency of the character of the knight, or of his adventures, one with another. Don Quixote never refuses at any time, to receive the evidence of his senses; and on no occasion does Cervantes carry his delusion to such a length, that we are forced to conclude his hero to be insane. His

madness is on all occasions a madness that the reader has some sympathy with. In the adventure of the windmills, he has just sallied forth, eagerly looking for adventures, and it must be recollected that the adventure of the fulling-mills differs from the adventures which your worship has just instanced, wherein he did not admit that he had been deceived; and indeed, the fulling-mills ought not to be called an adventure at all. In the adventures of the windmills and the flock of sheep, the delusion of the knight is carried to the utmost length to which Cervantes could safely carry it; his mental delusion does not vanish with the discovery that he has been attacking windmills, and slaying sheep; he yields to the evidence of his senses indeed, in admitting them to be windmills and sheep; but the same delusion that led him to fancy the windmills giants, and the sheep armies, suggests to him, that like other knight errants, he has supernatural enemies, and that the windmills and the sheep which he now sees, are the work of enchantment: but in the adventure, as it is called, of the fulling-hammers, the knight has never been

under any positive delusion; he has never asserted even, what the nature of the adventure is, in which he is about to be engaged. He and Sancho are in a thick wood on a dark night, and singular sounds are heard; and the knight, his head as usual running on adventures, fancies one to be at hand; but he gives no hint of what he expects it to be, nor ever once explains to Sancho the causes of the sounds they hear. If, contrary to the advice of Sancho, Don Quixote had spurred Rozinante amongst the fulling-hammers, first telling him that these sounds were occasioned by giants, or by any thing else upon which his fancy chanced to run, then there is no doubt that when morning dawned upon the discomfited knight, he would have told Sancho, and would have believed, that he had encountered giants or enchanters, and the fulling-hammers now before them were so by the power of enchantment; but after Don Quixote had remained quietly in the wood during the whole night, and when the day-light discovered the occasion of the sounds they had heard, it would never have done to have made the knight

affirm that these had been giants or enchanters; for in this case, he had never been under any delusion, and had never acted upon any delusion. To your worship or myself caught in a thick wood, on a dark night, the sounds of the fulling-hammers would have appeared as singular as they did to Don Quixote and Sancho."

"I perceive friend," said I, "thou hast thought upon this to some purpose; and thy explanation has greatly assisted in clearing away my difficulty; and besides, as thou hast already told me, the exploits of the knight are not to be regarded as the sole purpose and interest of the book. Some adventures are necessary to bring out the characters of the knight and his squire, and the ludicrous contrasts between them. The bravery of the one, and the cowardice of the other, are forcibly displayed while they rest in the dark wood; the knight sitting on his steed, desiring his squire to straighten the girth, that he may be prepared, and the squire fast embracing his master round the leg, fearful of moving an inch from his stirrup.

While this discourse was going on, we had proceeded farther up the valley, and the dusk beginning to gather over us, — "It was undoubtedly as near as may be to this spot," said the barber, "that the adventure of the galley-slaves is fixed by Cervantes; there seems to be a pleasant hollow on the left side of the road, so deep, that evil disposed persons passing by, will scarcely discover that it is tenanted; body of me! as Sancho used to say, but I would choose better quarters if I knew where they were to be found; my bags are but meagrely provided, and my wine-skin is almost a skeleton; but *la necesidad caréce de ley;* necessity has no law."

"'T is a proverb among all nations," said I.— "You are my guide, Mr. Barber—and to return you proverb for proverb, *Mas sábe el necio en su casa que el cuerdo en la agena;* every man knows his own business best. And so dismounting from our mules, and leading them about three hundred yards from the road, we descended into the hollow which the barber had espied.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH THE BARBER RESUMES HIS LONG INTERRUPTED STORY, BUT FIRST DIGRESSES TO THE HISTORY OF GINES DE PASSAMONTE, AND THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE WITH THE GALLEY-SLAVES.

It was a pleasant verdant spot, though without trees; and making some thongs of the esparto rush, which grew in the neighbourhood, we fastened our beasts to some rosemary bushes that covered the sides of the hollow, and seated ourselves upon the grass,—untying our bag, and taking the stopper out of the wine-skin,—and after the glorious example of the Knight and his Squire, with hunger for our sauce, we crowded "dinner, afternoon luncheon, and supper into one meal,"—and although the viands were not over

savoury, they marvellously solaced our stomachs. As for the wine-skin, 't was but the shadow of its former self, its corpulency had long since departed, and the merest novice might have put it to his head without fear of suffocation.

During our meal, and as long as any thing remained to be eaten, the conversation was not much to the purpose; but no sooner had the barber made an end of his repast, than he fell into his usual train of thinking.

"That Gines de Passamonte," said the barber, "was a clever rogue; I would give some *pecetas* for the manuscript of his adventures, which he pawned for two hundred reals."

"'T would doubtless be well worthy," said I, taking no notice of the strange length to which the fancy of the barber had carried him. "But this adventure of the galley-slaves is not one of the happiest."

"'T is one of the most instructive though," said the barber; "for it shews the similitude and the disagreement between the days of Cervantes and our own."

"It proves to be sure," said I, "that there were galley slaves in those days as well as in ours."

"And, that confession was extracted by torture;" said the barber.

"And, that witchcraft was believed in," said I, "and punished by condemnation to the galleys."

"And that men were sent to the galleys for increasing population without the priest's permission," said the barber.

"It proves all that," said I.

"It proves more still," said the barber; "it proves that *escrivanos* (attorneys) were rogues in those days as well as in ours."

"How does it prove that?" said I.

"Thus," said the barber: "Don Quixote offers the galley-slave twenty ducats, if these will relieve him from his misfortune, and the galley-slave says, 'that is like offering money to a man dying of hunger at sea, where food cannot be bought; for if I had been a little while ago, master of the twenty ducats your worship offers me, I would have anointed the secretary's pen, and quickened

my lawyer's invention with them, to so much purpose, that I should now be standing at liberty in the square of Zocodover in Toledo, and not carried like a hound to the galleys;' so that in those days, the escrivano was as useful to the rogue who had a long purse, as he is now; when no man need be hanged, who has a handful of duros to slip into the fist of the escrivano."

The light had now nearly faded, night had drawn her mantle round her, and the faint stars were seen through its folds; the outline of the dark Sierra was only visible against the sky, and the only sound was that of the mules cropping the grass.

"Mr. Barber," said I, "I was never better disposed than I am now, to listen to a story; we have satisfied hunger, and it is too early to sleep: I left you last, in a very awkward predicament, and I long to know how you extricated yourself from it."

"I did not extricate myself," said the barber; "after the key turned in the lock, I could hear some one step lightly away; and this person I

knew could be no other than my master. There I sat on the floor, hour after hour, till it grew dark; the cura took care to have a more savoury stew than usual for supper, that the scent of it might mount into the garret: I would have given half my gains for the good-will of it, but nobody came near me, and I at length fell asleep upon the floor, and dreamt of ragouts and rich sauces.

"It was day-light when I awoke: and nearly at the same moment, I heard the cura's step ascending the stair.

"'Lazaro,' said he, from the other side of the door.

"'Master,' said I.

"'Hast thou made up thy mind to die of hunger?' said Cirillo.

"'I am not hungry,' said I.

"'Bien,' said the cura, and I immediately heard him descend the stair.

"But the stomach bitterly admonished the tongue for the lie it had told, and every hour the admonition became more severe.

"It was now the hour of dinner, and my nose

was again assailed by the most delicious steams. I again heard my master ascend the stair; he stopped at my door, and I heard him pronounce my name.

"'Master,' said I.

"'Listen to me, Lazaro,' said he. 'I 'll starve thee to death, as sure as thy name is Lazaro; no one can ever hear of thee more; I 'll have thee dried when thou 'rt dead, and sell thy carcass to the Carthusians as a relic: but if thou wilt push the pieces of money one by one below the door, and if, when I reckon them, I find that thou hast fairly accounted to me, thou shalt dine upon the most savoury stew that ever descended into thy stomach.'

"The temptation was scarcely to be resisted, but I was in hopes of a better bargain, and answered nothing: the cura however saw my hesitation, and took advantage of it. I heard him leave the door, and in a few minutes he returned.

"'Now, Lazaro,' said he, 'I have brought thy dinner: here is beef, and pork, and a rich gravy, and *garbanzos*, and bread. I will make this

agreement with thee: I will give thee of the stew in spoonfuls, underneath the door;* and for each spoonful thou receivest, thou shalt shove me one piece:' and at the same instant, I saw the spoon filled with steaming stew, pushed towards me. 'This first spoonful thou shalt have for nothing,' said Cirillo, 'but if thou would'st have a second, it must be paid for.' The temptation was not to be resisted; one scanty spoonful after another, descended into my stomach, while an equal number of pieces descended into the cura's pocket; and so outrageous was my appetite, and so excellent the stew, that I was soon eased of the greater part of my treasure; but—hist!" said the barber, suddenly interrupting his narrative, "I hear the trampling of horses on the highway; till it be past, I had best be silent."

The trampling passed, but the barber continued silent. "Mr. Barber," said I, "please to go on;" but the barber had dropped asleep. My imagination was yet too much awake, to permit the

* The doors of common rooms seldom fit so close that a spoon could not pass underneath.

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approach of drowsiness, so leaving the barber, I wandered up and down, as the common expression is; sometimes extending my turn as far as the high road, sometimes visiting our mules, who did not seem at all tired of the herbage that grew at their feet, and sometimes seating myself on the grass; and whether occupied in the one way or the other, enjoying the full luxury of my situation; standing at midnight, in the remote—and as associated in our minds with romance—the almost fabulous district of La Mancha, and on the threshold of the Sierra Morena, better known and more interesting as the scene of Don Quixote's exploits than as associated with the most brilliant passages of history, long I lingered about, giving myself up to the thick-coming fancies that the place, with which imagination had been recently fed, and the real recollections, might naturally inspire; and it was not because I was weary of my thoughts, but because I knew sleep to be necessary to the enjoyment of what the day might produce, that I returned to the neighbourhood

of my sleeping companion; and adjusting the furniture of my mule on the slope of the hollow, lay down, and resigned myself to the deep slumber that soon overtook me.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR AND HIS COMPANION REACH THE CONFINES OF THE "BROWN MOUNTAIN;" AND IN WHICH ALSO, THAT INGENIOUS FELLOW JUANES RELATES HIS DIVERTING HISTORY.

When I opened my eyes, I found that the barber had already untied our mules, and saddled them, and that I had only to throw my leg over my beast. Grey morning still hung in the defiles of the Sierra, though the highest peaks were touched with the earliest sunbeams, when we pricked our mules up the side of the hollow, and regained the high road; and as we jogged along side by side, at a very small trot, for the inequalities of the road, now that we had left the plain, prevented us trying the mettle of our mules, "You perceive,"

said the barber, "that we are about to enter the Sierra Morena,* and, as near as can be guessed, at the spot where the Knight of La Mancha and his faithful Squire entered it."

"I should think," said I, "that in so extensive a range as the Sierra Morena, it must be indeed guess-work, whether we hit upon the precise spot or not."

"Not so much guess-work as you imagine," said the barber.

"Cervantes does not, as far as I recollect," said I, "give us any indications of the spot at which his hero entered the Brown Mountain; and besides, I perceive that we approach a house, which is nowhere mentioned,"—for just then, upon turning an angle of the rock, I observed a long low building, situated upon a small elevation on the left side of the road.

The barber, reining in his mule, which was always his custom when he wished to give peculiar

* In the translations of Don Quixote, it is said that he entered the Brown Mountain. This is merely a translation of Sierra Morena; morena signifying brown.

emphasis to what he was about to say, delivered himself as follows:—"I must claim my privilege in correcting a small error into which your grace appears to have fallen. Cervantes did not write a road-book; he left that to Antonio Ponz. Don Quixote and his Squire did not fly in a balloon, and therefore they must needs have passed through the towns, and by the inns, that lay in their way; but Cervantes did not think it necessary to notice any other places than those that are connected with his hero's adventures; 't is no proof then that the Knight and his Squire did not enter the Brown Mountain at this point, because Cervantes makes no mention of the Venta de Cardeña, which we must pass by;" and having so expressed himself, the barber struck his heel against the flank of his mule and trotted on before; but stopping at the foot of the first acclivity, that I might come alongside of him, he turned round upon his beast, and said, "here señor we must deviate a little from the footsteps of Don Quixote. Our wallet last night was but indifferently stored; and before journeying into the Sierra, where we

must needs follow the knight, it would not be amiss to replenish our stores in the venta hard by, for in the heart of the Sierra we can scarcely expect to find the pot boiling."

This reasoning being conclusive, I followed the barber to the door of the venta, which we entered, after having given our mules in charge to a serving wench,—for in the southern parts of La Mancha, women are generally employed in waiting upon the mules as well as the guests. We had no sooner entered the venta, than the barber and the Posadero approaching each other suddenly stopped.

"*Es posible?*" exclaimed both, at the same moment.

"Lazaro!" said the innkeeper, with an incredulous stare.

"Juanes!" said the barber, with a look of almost equal incredulity, "is it indeed thee, my old play-fellow, that I find master of the Venta de Cardeña?" and the recognition being complete, they embraced each other with every demonstration of regard.

"Ah," said the barber, "many things have doubtless befallen thee, since the days when we played together in the vineyards about Manzanares."

"Many things, truly," returned the innkeeper, "but they have not made me forget the young Picaro, who divided with me the stew he got from the Duke's kitchen: I long to hear thy history, and how chance has conducted thee to the Venta de Cardeña, where thou art heartily welcome, as well as thy friend, who is not, I see, from these parts."

"My history," said the barber, "thou shalt have by and by. Perhaps, in consideration of this unforeseen meeting, the Caballero whom I have the honour to accompany, will consent to spend the remainder of the day in the Venta de Cardeña, and in rambling upon the mountain; and we 'll find time to tell my story, as well as to hear thine."

I assured the barber that I would willingly remain where I was, if it were for nothing else than that I might the sooner hear the continuation of his own adventures.

"Now Juanes," said the barber, "set before us the best of thy larder, for we have yet tasted nothing this blessed morning, and if the provision put me in mind of the Duke's kitchen so much the better."

"'T will hardly do that," said the innkeeper, "but we 've some passable mutton, and good pork, and thou shalt cook for thyself,"—an arrangement that much pleased the barber; and before half an hour had passed, a stew smoked on the table, which, if not equal to those of the Duque de San Carlos, or even of the cura Cirillo, was an admirable provocative to the stomachs of those who had slept in the open air, and supped upon sheep-milk cheese.

"Friend Juanes," said the barber, when we had made an end of breakfast, "I marvellously wonder at thy good fortune; thy head used to be as empty of brains as this dish is of stew, and thy belly was always fuller than thy pocket; tell us then how it has fallen out, that with neither wit nor pesetas, I find thee master of the Venta de Cardeña; and as round as a wine-skin in the archbishop's cellar."

"As for pecetas," replied the Posadero, "I confess they were scarce with me; but my wit, such as it was, I economized, and made a small stock go a great way: but thou shalt hear how I slid into this place; my story is not long, it will scarcely last as long as thy segar; and craving the indulgence of the Caballero, thou shalt have it such as it is."

I assured the innkeeper of my anxiety to hear his narrative, and he proceeded as follows:—

"When thy father, Lazaro, sent thee away from Mazanares to Toledo, I was left to my sheep-milk cheese and onions; and hearing that thou hadst got service in a canon's house"—

"Not a canon," interrupted the barber, "only a cura."

"Well," continued the innkeeper, "I speak as I heard, some said thou had'st got the place of page to the archbishop; others would have it that the dean had made thee a steward; but nobody pretended that thy master was any thing less than a canon. And so hearing of thy good fortune, I resolved upon trying my own. I had no interest

like thee, in the kitchen of either the Dominicans or the Duke; and despairing of being recommended by anybody, I left my father's house one morning, and took the road to Talavera.

"My wallet was but indifferently provided: I had only a small loaf and a string of garlic to support me by the way, and as young stomachs are not over provident, my provisions were exhausted long before I reached Talavera, where I arrived half starved; but a good father of the Carmelite order took pity upon me as I sat at the convent gate; and took me in; and here I became servant of all work. I cleaned my patron's dormitory, I swept the refectory, and assisted in the kitchen, and I was besides employed by the good friar in some small matters that concerned nobody but ourselves; I picked up for him odd volumes of plays and romances; and so well did he teach me to counterfeit his voice, which was naturally pitched high, that while I read aloud his breviary in the dormitory, he could safely amuse himself with his more agreeable studies; nor was he ever greatly offended when I ventured to smuggle into

the convent, a duck, or a capon, which I obtained at a distant cook shop; for this service I was always sure to be rewarded with the bones, and the head, after the brain had been taken out. I was made useful too in another secret service, which, however, as it might beget doubts as to the strictness of my patron's morals, I must beg leave discreetly to pass over.

"Six years I continued to lead this life, and at the end of that time I had made up a very pretty store of *doblòns* from the surplus and parings of secret service money; but now an event took place that changed my fortunes. One day, after having dined in the refectory, my patron retired to his dormitory, where he knew I was waiting his arrival. I produced a small goose, dressed with so much care, that I believe the Superior himself could not have kept his teeth from it; and while I was busily employed upon one of the drumsticks, which had that day been unexpectedly added to my share, I was startled by a sudden noise, and upon looking round, I perceived that my patron had died while I was dining; whether from

apoplexy, or from a bone that had stuck in his throat, I did not think it prudent for me to waste time in determining.

"It was with some difficulty that I extricated the carcass of the goose from the firm clutch of the dead friar: luckily, he had reserved some of the best morsels for the conclusion of his meal, to the remainder of which I fell heir; and reflecting after I had picked the bones, that there was now an end of all other pickings in the convent, I judged it best to make room in my purse for the contents of my patron's, which I found in a closet; and putting his cross and rosary, and a small image, in my pocket, and rolling his Carmelite habit under my arm, I wished him a speedy deliverance from purgatory, and shutting the door, hastened out of the convent."

"By St. Anthony," interrupted the barber, "thou hast more brains than I gave thee credit for, but go on; I am impatient to hear what trick put thee in possession of the Venta de Cardeña," and the innkeeper proceeded.

"It may easily be believed, that I walked from

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Talavera as fast as my legs would carry me, and purposely avoided my native town—thinking it possible that I might be suspected of having murdered the friar, and be sought for in that quarter. I passed towards the Sierra Morena, intending to cross into Andalusia, where, as I had been told, in case of being inclined to turn a rogue, I should find others to bear me company. It was more than a week's journey from Talavera to the Sierra Morena; but I not only travelled at the expense of others, but even added something to my store; for, the first night, after leaving Talavera, I put on the habit of a Carmelite, hung the rosary and the image about my neck, and drew the cowl over my head, to disguise the want of the tonsure, and thus my night's quarters, and a good puchero, cost me but a blessing; and in every market place I passed through, a melon or a bunch of grapes was well repaid by a kiss of the image which I carried in my hand: and as the Carmelites are not one of the orders sworn to poverty, some pecetas slipt into my purse, for prayers and masses in reversion.

"It was late in the evening when I arrived at the door of this venta, and upon pushing it open, my ears were assailed by the groans of a dying person. The master of the inn lay on his bed, to all appearance near his latter end.

"'Ah,' said he, when he cast his eyes upon my friar's habit, 'your reverence has come at last, has my niece returned with thee?' From this address I at once comprehended that the dying man had sent his niece to the nearest convent, that some reverend father might hasten to him with the last offices of religion. 'My son,' said I, 'fears for your soul gave wings to my speed; I have a far way outstripped your niece, and am now ready to make the step from this world easy; but first, let me ask how you dispose of your worldly possessions?'

"'This house is my own,' replied the dying man: 'I have one niece, to whom the house will be a sufficient fortune; in that closet there is a bag of dollars, which I leave for masses for my soul, and to you and your convent I commit it.'

"'Thou doest wisely,' said I, 'I scarcely think thou 'lt spend an hour in purgatory.'

"Fortunately for my conscience, the old man's niece and the friar just at this time approached the door, and informing them that having accidentally passed that way, I had prepared the mind of the dying man, the friar administered to him the last offices of religion, and almost at the same moment his soul went to claim the benefit of them.

"The rest of my story is soon told. I turned the old friar out of the house, and took possession; I threw back my cowl, and disclosing a face of two-and-twenty, endeavoured to comfort the old man's niece, who was not absolutely inconsolable. A master as well as a mistress was needed for the Venta de Cardeña; the rest may be easily imagined; the girl was young, comely, and knew her business; and so of the two that I found in the venta, I buried the one and married the other, and thus became the respectable character you have found me."

CHAPTER XXIV.

BEFORE THE CONCLUSION OF WHICH, THE BARBER RESUMES HIS STORY.

"And I give thee joy of thy good fortune," said the barber, "though I cannot apply to thee our saying, '*la fortuna favorece a los locos*,' (fortune favours fools), for thou hast had wit enough to take advantage of thy good luck."

When the innkeeper had made an end of his story it was near mid-day, and being yet too hot to set out upon a ramble, I rested under the gateway, listening to the conversation that passed between the barber and his friend, who, from what I could gather, appeared to have made but indifferent progress in morals since he came to his kingdom. The fact is, of all the ventas in Spain, there is no one so notorious for the frequent

robberies that have been committed in it, as the Venta de Cardeña; and it has long been well known, that the master of it understands the system, and shares the booty of the banditti who make a convenience of it. Many anecdotes were related by the Posadero, which he appeared not over solicitous that I should hear; and my more honest companion generally followed up every narrative, by advising his friend to be an honest man, and to cut connexion with thieves, — an advice, however, which I suspect it would be dangerous for the innkeeper to follow.

Towards evening, when the heat had somewhat diminished, I threw myself upon my mule, and urged him up the acclivities of the Sierra Morena, which, notwithstanding the many historic recollections connected with it, was chiefly interesting in my eyes as the scene of Don Quixote's wanderings; but, as without the assistance of the barber I could have no assurance that I was following in his footsteps, I postponed for a time the pleasures of association and inquiry, and dismissing from my mind the chief object of my journey, I gave

myself up to those vague and delicious sensations that arise amid the solitudes of untrodden mountains. I lingered until the wide plain of La Mancha was one dusky expanse; till the shadows, creeping up the mountain side, and the bright lines of evening forsaking one eminence after another, left only the highest summits bathed with day's dying lustre; and before I regained the venta, the earliest stars were peering over the mountain top.

When I returned to the venta, I found that supper was already concluded: more than two hours had elapsed since the barber and his friend had proved the results of their combined skill; but the materials of an omelet were easily procured, and when this was cooked and dispatched, and when our segars had been lighted, "Now, my old friend Lazaro," said the innkeeper, "I long to hear some account of thy doings in the world, for I guess that thou hast had some ups and downs; and that in thy life as well as in mine, good fortune as much as wit, has had some share in keeping thee from the gallows."

"I am ready to indulge thee," replied the barber, "but my story will scarcely be interesting to the caballero, who already knows the greater part of it:" but I assured the barber that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to hear a repetition of it; and the barber accordingly, laying down his segar, began his narrative from the time that he left his native town, and related as circumstantially as I have already related to the reader, all that happened after he entered into the service of the cura Cirillo, not omitting the ass's ear and the cock's tongue, until the time when, being locked up in his garret, the cura handed the stew in spoonfuls underneath the door; and when he had reached this part of his story, he turned to me and said, "here, if I mistake not, it was that I was forced to break off my narrative, when, sitting in the hollow, we heard the trampling of horses upon the high road: I think," continued he, "I had just said, that so tempting was the stew, and so hungry was Lazaro, that I was soon eased of the greater part of my treasure."

"It was just at that point," said I, and the barber went on as follows:

"In fact, so long as a piece remained, there was a bait ready to tempt it from me; and when not one duro was left, 'Mr. Cura,' said I, 'we are now quits; you have filled my stomach, and I have filled your pocket, so pray unfasten the door, for my ribs tell me, that another night on the bare boards may bring you in for the expense of a burial; and where will you find another servant whose wits will coin money as mine have done?'

"'Lazaro, my boy,' said the cura, in a softened tone; 'I never intended either to injure or defraud thee; I did but keep back a part of thy share till thou shouldst have attained a riper age; but if thou wilt have it now, here are ten duros for thee,—so let us forget the past, and exercise our wits at the expense of the Carthusians rather than of each other;' and at the same time my master unfastened the door, put the ten pieces into my hand, and conducted me below, where, seeing which way his interest lay, he loaded me with kindness. But I had discovered that I should never make my fortune under the roof of Cirillo; and seeing no reason for doubting, that if my

invention could fill his pocket, it might do the same good office for my own, I resolved to leave his service; and as it has ever been my maxim, that a wise step cannot be taken too soon, I took advantage of my master's siesta, and carrying nothing more with me than belonged to me, I sallied into the street."

Here the innkeeper interrupted his friend in his narrative,—for perceiving the barber's significant look, when he said that he took with him no more than belonged to him, "I perceive my friend," said the innkeeper, "that thy honesty would fain claim the victory over mine, because when I left the service of the friar, I emptied the contents of his purse into my own; but have the goodness to recollect that a purse is of no use to a dead man; and that besides, it is an easier matter to take a purse from a dead than from a living man."

"True, Juanes," said the barber. "I admit the distinction,"—and he proceeded with his narrative.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN WHICH, TO THE GREAT REGRET OF THE AUTHOR, THE BARBER CONCLUDES HIS STORY.

"IT so happened, that this day chanced to be the feast of the Immaculate Conception; and that when I descended into the street, the procession of the beast, and the heretic Ann Bolein,* was just

* In the cathedral of Toledo, there is kept a wooden beast, about the size of a small ox, and somewhat of its shape, mounted upon wheels; and also an image in wood, about eighteen inches long, of Ann Bolein, which, however, is not shewn to the English visitor of the *prexiosidades*. These images, a few years back, used to be carried through the streets on great days; and the person appointed to carry the image of Ann Bolein, every now and then popped it into the mouth of the beast, whose jaws were so contrived as to close upon it; thus, to the great delight of the spectators, typifying the punishment of her by whose means the Church of Rome received her death-blow in England.

issuing from the cathedral; it chanced also, that the person who carried the image was so short in stature, that as he ran alongside of the beast, he was not able to reach so high as to put the heretic queen into its mouth, and so the people shouted, and cried '*chico*,' (little fellow). I was among the tallest in the crowd; and a Franciscan who saw how awkwardly the miracle was managed, snatched the image of the heretic from the little man who was standing on his tiptoes, and yet with all his stretching was unable to touch the spring, and putting it into my hands told me to shew it no mercy, and I should be rewarded with a good supper. So well did I perform my duty to the heretic, that when the procession was over, the Franciscan took me to the convent, and after having given me as much as I could eat, he carried me to the Superior, telling his reverence that I was a clever youth, and might be serviceable, and might even be made to fill the office which was at that time vacant.

"'Please your reverences,' said I, 'what are the duties, and what is the office for which you

design me; for my wit is small, and my knowledge still smaller.'

"'The office,' replied the friar, 'is that of barber to the convent.'

"'If the emoluments be considerable,' said I, 'I willingly accept it, for judging by the length of your reverences' beards, I should take it to be next thing to a sinecure; and I shall no doubt have time to learn the art before I be required to practise it.'

"''Tis not so much of a sinecure,' said the Superior, 'as it may at present seem to thee; but if thou canst be contented to spend all thy days within the convent, the office is thine; thou shalt be well fed, and have sufficient wages besides; these can be no use to thy body, because thou shalt have all that it requires within the convent, and therefore thy wages will be best laid out in the purchase of masses for thy soul.'

"I had no great inclination to spend all my life within a convent, and as for the wages, I saw that it would be only taking with one hand and giving with the other: but trusting to my ingenuity to

terminate my engagement when I became weary of it, and knowing that Franciscans keep a good table, I signified my acceptance of the conditions.

"The friar who had conducted me to the convent, now took charge of me, and leading me to the cloisters, where I walked by his side, 'Now Lazaro,' said he, 'for such I think thou hast told me is thy name, I will explain to thee what are the duties of the office thou hast undertaken: the beard which thou seest that I wear, is not a real beard; and neither are those of my brethren. When we go out of the convent, or into the church to celebrate our services, where we may be seen by the people, we are bearded; but at meals, and other inconvenient times, we throw these incumbrances aside: twice every week, therefore, thou shalt have seventy-five real beards to shave, and seventy-five false beards to put in order: I understand that thou art unacquainted with these duties; but thou shalt begin with the novices, who can afford to lose some blood, and will be all the better for it,'—and so I found myself established in the office of barber in the Franciscan convent.

"Well may I bless the day that led me to the Franciscan convent; for had Providence otherwise disposed of me, I should have remained for ever ignorant of the adventures of the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha: nor should I otherwise have ever followed the calling of my ancestors in the village of Miguel Esteban.

"I observed that among all the reverend fathers, no one was so studious as the friar who had brought me to the convent. Not content with the hours that were set aside for devotional exercises, a book was never out of his hand. There was only one occasion upon which he ever intermitted his studies; and that was, when his chin was under my management; but one day so deeply engaged was he (as I then thought) with his devotions, that he placed the book upon his knee, and with downcast eyes continued to read whilst I performed my duties; and judge of my amazement, and I may even say affright, when just as I was putting the last polish upon his chin, the friar burst into the most immoderate fit of laughter that ever was heard within a convent

walls; and so ungovernable was his mirth, that even the sight of his own blood appeared rather to increase than to diminish his risibility.

"'In the name of God, Reverend Father,' said I, 'what has befallen thee?'

"'Canst thou read?' answered the friar, 'for if thou canst, 't will save me the trouble of telling thee the cause of my laughter.'

"'Luckily, Sir,' said I, 'I am able to read; that accomplishment was taught me by a Domin——.'

"'No matter who taught thee,' interrupted the friar: 'read there,' said he, lifting from the floor the book that had dropped upon it, and putting it into my hand; 'read there, while I attend to the cure of this wound, which has not been occasioned through thy fault.'

"It was this moment that first opened up to me that treasure of knowledge and delight that is contained in the work of Cervantes: that moment will never be forgotten by me. The friar had intended to open the book at the page where he had been reading; but ready to drop down with

laughing, he could only put the book into my hand. For my own part, I began at the beginning; half the friars went unshaven that day; and when my patron returned from the refectory, he found me still deeply engaged with his book.

"'I perceive, Lazaro,' said he, 'that thou art worthy of my care,' and so much satisfied was he with some reflections I made upon what I had read, that he affectionately embraced me; and sitting down, explained to me the spirit and object of the book, and descanted upon its perfections. One observation I well remember. 'When I laugh,' said he, 'it is at the contrast between Don Quixote and his Squire, not at the adventures; these make me sad; for it is melancholy to see the noble-minded knight always the dupe of his own illusions.'"

Here the barber paused a moment in his narrative; re-lighted his segar, took two or three whiffs, and then looking at his old friend the Possadero, with a graver countenance than usual, "Juanes," said he, "read Don Quixote, not for the amusement it may give thee, but for the good

it may do thee; 't is better than a hundred masses; there's that in it will turn a hard heart soft as wool, and change a rogue into an honest man. There, a proud man will be taught humility; a cruel man will learn to be compassionate; an avaricious man will learn a lesson of generosity; wisdom and piety may be gathered from every page. Ay! Juanes, there 's no denying that we were both of us rogues in our youth; and a rogue I should have remained to this day, but for what I learned in that book."

Juanes looked not quite at his ease, but said nothing, and the barber continued.—"When the friar found that I took almost as much pleasure as he did himself in the history of Don Quixote, he was never weary of enlarging upon its beauties, and explaining, wherever explanation was necessary; and I, on my part, by a little exercise of ingenuity, repaid, in some manner, the good offices of the friar. I had always had a turn for handicraft of every kind, and perceiving with how much regret he was obliged to lay down his 'Don Quixote' and take up his breviary, when he went

to join in any of the religious exercises, or even when he was called to the refectory, or walked in the convent garden, I took off the white parchment in which the breviary was bound, and neatly inclosed 'Don Quixote' within it, so that the friar could indulge his passion without intermission, and his devotion appeared only the more ardent. It is true, indeed, that an unlucky dialogue between the knight and the squire, sometimes provoked a change of countenance not very reconcileable with the study of the breviary; but the piety of the friar continued unquestioned.

"It was at this time that the war of independence broke out; and it is well known with what fury the Franciscan convents throughout Spain were attacked; none with more than the Franciscan convent of Toledo. We were all in danger of being massacred; and no distinction appeared likely to be made between the friars and their barber.

"'Reverend Father,' said I to my patron, 'there's no time to be lost; throw aside thy friar's garment, let me unfasten thy artificial beard, clap

my hat upon thy tonsure, and, with Don Quixote under thy arm, no one will question thee. As for me, I have not much the air of a friar;—and stay,' added I, when the friar had obeyed my instructions, and was preparing to go, 'though I would not rob any man of a quarto, I can see no impiety in taking that which, in another hour, will be in the grasp of a French soldier, and something is besides due to me for wages,' and so running to the relicario, I put in my breast a gold crucifix mounted with emeralds, and joining the friar, we passed out of the garden into the street. What befel the remaining seventy and four friars, I am unable to tell, but soon after we left the convent, a shell burst in the gallery, and threw down one half of the cloisters.*

"'Now,' said I to my companion, when we got into the fields, and began to breathe more freely, 'what hinders us from carrying into effect the project of which we have so often spoken, but

* The Franciscan convent of Toledo was almost destroyed by the French; but when the writer of this volume visited Spain in 1830, they were busily employed in re-building it.

which till now was impracticable. Let us together pass over every foot of ground that was traversed by our favourite. I have here in my bosom ten times more than the provision we shall require.'

"The friar was overjoyed at my proposal, and we forthwith put it in execution. First, we visited my native town, where I found that both my parents had lately paid the debt of nature; the inheritance that I fell heir to, consisted of an old mangle, and a stock of worn-out linen—for, be it recollected, that my mother was laundress to the Duque de San Carlos — and a few cast-off garments of the Dominicans, which had been the perquisite of my father, who was porter to the convent. I discovered, however, from some papers, that my ancestors had been barbers in the village of Miguel Esteban, and that the name of one of them, many generations back, was Nicholas. Leaving Manzanares, we diligently sought the footsteps of Don Quixote, as far as Barcelona, where I disposed of the cross which I had brought from the Franciscan convent, taking care, however, to provide another of wood, which answered

as well all the purposes of devotion. At Miguel Esteban I had learned that there was an opening in my trade, and being well assured that this was the native village of the Knight of La Mancha, and having strong suspicions that I was myself the descendant of Barber Nicholas, I felt that Providence had designed me to take the place of my forefathers, and to Miguel Esteban I accordingly returned. The worthy friar who was my companion, feeling some qualms of conscience, entered another convent. The money that still remained of the sum I had received for the cross, purchased some fields, which obtain me respect in the neighbourhood; and upon the produce of these, and of my calling, I have lived happily these fifteen years; and now you have the history of my doings in the world."

When the barber had made an end of his story, and when some comments had passed upon it, which need not be repeated here, it was fast approaching midnight; and as our intention was to penetrate next day into the heart of the Sierra, and to be stirring early, we each retired to rest.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHERE, IN FOLLOWING THE FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE, THE AUTHOR CONDUCTS THE READER INTO THE HEART OF THE SIERRA, WHERE CARDENIO TOLD HIS STORY, AND WHERE DON QUIXOTE DID PENANCE.

"'THE appearance of Aurora already rejoices the earth,' said the barber, in words of his favourite author, when next morning he pushed open the door of my quarto, and found me asleep; and not long after, we were seated upon our mules, and trotting up the bank that rises from the back of the venta, furnished with a wallet of unusual size, and with a corpulent wine-skin, both forced upon us by the generosity of Juanes, who would accept of no remuneration. There was no path; we rode side by side up the acclivity, among the rosemary

bushes and other aromatic plants and shrubs, and soon entered a defile, that shut out the plains behind, and appeared to lead into the bowels of the mountain. "It is said, in the history of the Knight's adventures," said the barber, "that the evening of the same day upon which the adventure with the galley-slaves took place, Don Quixote and Sancho 'arrived in the very heart of the Sierra,' and that 'they took up their lodging between two rocks, in the midst of a great number of cork trees.' Now, in the heart of the Sierra, there are no cork trees, though there are plenty of rocks; and here, at the end of this defile are both rocks and cork trees; and besides, as it was impossible to travel into the heart of the Sierra in a few hours, there appears to be a small inaccuracy here: but there can be no doubt that the spot we are now approaching is that where the Knight and his Squire reposed, and where Sancho had his ass stolen; see, "there are two rocks, and all the trees around them are cork trees.'"

"'T was a touching lament," said I, "that which Sancho made, over the loss of his ass.

'Born in my house, the play-fellow of my children, the delight of my spouse, the envy of my neighbours, and comfort of my cares!'"

"Ay!" said the barber, "there's an honest heart there. But come on, the footing is difficult, and we've a toilsome journey before us." The barber spoke truly; nothing but a mule could have picked its steps; we went round the rocks, and in and out among the cork trees; and after having continued this exercise for a couple of hours, we descended into a narrow valley, traversed by a small rivulet. Here the barber, who led the way, stopped until I rode up to him, and said, "there are so few streams on this side of the Sierra Morena (for they almost all flow down the southern side of the mountain), that we may conclude this to be the hollow, and the brook that which watered it, in which the adventurers found 'a dead mule saddled and bridled, and half consumed by the dogs and the crows;' and where they heard the old goatherd's whistle; and where Cardenio came and told a part of his story."

In this wild spot we paused a little, while the

whole scene so graphically described by Cervantes passed before me. Nor was it a difficult task for the imagination to add to the natural features of the spot, the other parts of the picture described by Cervantes; 't was in me but a slight exertion of memory; for it chanced that shortly before, in the Toledo mountains, I had seen the very object that here arrested the attention of Don Quixote—a dead mule, half consumed, and even then surrounded by the lean dogs and hungry ravens that were devouring it.

"It was doubtless here," said the barber, when a little farther on, we came to 'a verdant spot of grass at the turning of a rock,' "that Cardenio told his story, and that the Knight of La Mancha quarreled with him for asserting something in prejudice of the Queen Madasima;" and having crossed the brook, and entered another defile, we gradually penetrated farther into the mountain, which at every step became wilder, justifying the description given by Cervantes. But true to nature as are the descriptions of Cervantes, they do not of themselves occupy the mind of the

traveller who follows in the footsteps of Don Quixote; they serve rather to call to recollection those inimitable dialogues between the Knight and his Squire, in which all that is romantic or extravagant, is opposed to the common-place maxims of every-day life; in which the noble and intellectual, is placed in ludicrous contrast with contented ignorance and vulgar honesty; and in which the high-flown language of a distempered fancy, is overwhelmed in a cloud of proverbs. Who then, mounted upon his mule, and with one companion, slowly pursuing his way among the rude passes of the Sierra Morena, could do otherwise than see in imagination, "the Knight of the rueful countenance" and his faithful Squire, and almost fancy that he listened to the delightful dialogue which on that very spot is recorded to have been carried on, wherein the Knight, with his own peculiar union of grave expostulation and affectionate persuasion, combats the Squire's incredulity upon certain points.

"Who," says Sancho, "that hears your worship call a barber's basin the helmet of Mambrino, but

will believe that he who affirms such nonsense must be crazed in his understanding? the basin, which is all bruised and battered, I have put up in my bag, in order to be mended at home, and used for the service of my own beard, if ever by the grace of God I come to see my wife and family."

"Harkee, Sancho," replies the Knight, "thou hast the most slender understanding that any Squire did ever possess; what seems a barber's basin to thee I can easily discern to be the helmet of Mambrino, and I cannot but admire the providence of the sage who is my friend, in making that which is really and truly Mambrino's helmet appear a basin to the rest of mankind, because it is of such inestimable value, that if it were known, the whole world would combine to ravish it from me:" and pondering upon the excellent invention and inimitable wit of Cervantes, and the perfect truth with which the characters of his personages are sustained, I had not observed that the barber had a considerable way outstripped me, and that he had dismounted from his mule, and sat awaiting

my approach. "This is the undoubted spot," said he, "where the Knight did penance, while Sancho was despatched to Toboso with a letter to Dulcinea;" and well it agreed with the description of Cervantes,—for 'a gentle rill' tinkled in a hundred windings through 'a narrow meadow, so green and fertile, that it ravished the spectator's eye, while the forest trees that grew around, and a thousand delicious herbs and flowers, conspired to make the place enchanting.'

"Mr. Barber," said I, "as thou hast spoken of the penance performed by the Knight, I would ask of thee if thou hast ever read 'Amadis de Gaul?'"

"I can easily guess," said the barber, "why your worship puts me that question."

"Art thou not of opinion," said I, "that the originality of Cervantes is put somewhat in jeopardy by what is narrated in that book?"

"It is very true," replied the barber, "that the fancy of doing penance, is not indulged for the first time, by Don Quixote, and that the stratagem devised by the licentiate and the barber, with the

assistance Dorothea, to entice the knight out of the Brown Mountain, was resorted to by the Maid of Denmark, to withdraw Amadis from his self-imposed rigours: but your mercy will please to recollect, that to copy Amadis in this, was only in correspondence with the character of Don Quixote, and with the whole object of the work. Cervantes has asserted that the head of Don Quixote was stuffed with the contents of books of knight-errantry, and we find throughout the whole book, that Don Quixote's model of knight-errantry was Amadis, whom he considered well worthy of imitation; so that nothing could be more natural than that he should bethink himself of following the example set to him by the paragon of knight-errantry, in which indeed the consistency of his character is kept up; and though the heads of the licentiate and the barber and Dorothea, were not like the knight's, running on knight-errantry, it must be recollected that when all the books of chivalry were burned by the curate and the barber, Amadis de Gaul was spared; so that therefore, they may be supposed to have recollected the

stratagem practised by the Maid of Denmark, and therefore resorted to the same stratagem on the present occasion; but," continued the barber, "better things await us here than penance and buffeting; for I begin to long as eagerly to dive into the contents of this wallet, as Sancho did to probe Cardenio's portmanteau, where he found a hundred gold crowns, and if I mistake not, friend Juanes has had an eye to our comforts, for, 'body of me,' as Sancho says, the bag is so crammed, that I am not able to thrust my hand into it."

While the barber rummaged the wallet, I took the saddle off my mule, that he as well as his master might enjoy himself, and giving him a slap on the hinder parts, such as the worthy knight is said to have bestowed upon his Rozinante in the self-same spot, I sent him up among the fragrant shrubs, and seated myself upon the grass beside my friend, who had by this time proved the generosity of Juanes, which had indeed been princely; and seated together in this retired and agreeable spot, so full of associations, we dispatched the greater part of a pasty, which although somewhat

overlaid with garlic, was sufficiently savoury to be eaten with infinite relish; and then having satisfied hunger, we applied with assiduity to the wine-skin, which was so well filled, that the repeated draughts which we took from it, did not sensibly lessen the respectability of its appearance.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN WHICH THE BEAUTIFUL EPISODE OF DOROTHEA IS CONSIDERED, AND WHEREIN THE BARBER AGAIN TAKES OCCASION TO VINDICATE THE GENIUS OF CERVANTES, AND TO ENLARGE ON THE EPISODES WHICH ARE INTRODUCED.

"Mr. Barber," said I, when the meal was ended, "methinks that I could almost without thy assistance, have fixed upon this spot as the scene of many of the most agreeable of the adventures in the Brown Mountain; for here we have not only the 'rill' and the 'narrow meadow,' but the forest trees mentioned by Cervantes, and which are not yet seen in any other part of our journey."

"Ay, truly," said the barber, "these may be the very rocks on which Sancho cautioned his master how he ran his head against them, and

these the trees on which he is said to have hung his armour while he did penance,—but there are even more certain proofs of identity than these. Come hither," said the barber, leading the way on foot down a narrow valley watered by a purling brook, and shaded in a most cool and agreeable manner by some rocks and trees; "does your honour see those few aged ash trees bending over the brook, and growing, as it would seem, out of the rock?"

"Ah, Mr. Barber," said I, "prince of guides, well indeed are all these scenes known to thee; I see indeed these old ash trees,—and I think I see at this moment the image that Cervantes has so beautifully associated with them — the fair and forsaken Dorothea, sitting on the rock 'under the ash tree,' washing her 'delicate feet and fair limbs, and wiping them with her handkerchief, while her golden locks fell down upon her shoulders.'"

"I perceive," said the barber, "that your honour is worthy of being conducted in the footsteps of Don Quixote; is not that a beautiful picture?"

"'T is one of the most beautiful of pictures," said I, "and belongs to one of the most touching of stories."

"And yet," said the barber, "there are those who have such slender understanding as to say, and uphold, that the stories which are here and there interspersed, had better have been omitted, because in them we hear nothing of our hero; and some go so far as to aver that they are dull and wearisome. Now," continued the barber, "that is not my way of thinking. There never was knight-errant with sword always in his hand; and though it be true, that when the telling of a love story comes after a dialogue between the knight and his squire, or after the narration of some of the most excellent of the adventures, it does appear somewhat flattish in comparison; it only sets them off, and lets us have time to digest one dish and get hungry again before we fall upon another: no man can eat savoury stews all the day long; a puchero to come between, gives them a greater relish."

"And are not the stories Cervantes' invention, as well as the adventures?"

"In truth are they," said the barber; "but for my part, I'm puzzled to see why any one makes a distinction between them. The stories arise naturally out of the adventures,—they often shew forth the character and qualities of the knight and his squire, which must need have something to bring them to light. Nothing can be more natural than that the knight should call upon Cardenio to tell his story; and if he had not told it, see what would have been lost! Don Quixote could not have taken umbrage at the disrespect spoken of Queen Madasima by Cardenio; nor could that excellent dialogue between Sancho and his master have been inserted, wherein Sancho taking advantage of his license to speak his mind, rates his master for his indiscreet bristling up about the Queen Madasima, which brought upon them the wrath of the madman; and which concludes with the knight's high-flown defence of knight-errantry, and Sancho's string of proverbs."

"Thou hast doubtless made out thy case," said I, "as regards this story at least."

"And as easy 't will be," said the barber, "to

shew that they have all their uses; but indeed, the story of Cardenio, and in particular, that part of it which relates to Lucretia, and her appearance in the Brown Mountain (all of which are just as much a part of his adventures, as his encounters with goat-herds, or Yanguesian carriers, or galley-slaves), were necessary towards the sequel of the book; for how, unless Lucretia had appeared there, could the Licentiate and the Barber have contrived along with Lucretia, the cunning device by which he was withdrawn out of the Brown Mountain, when Dorothea, pretending to be the Queen Micomicona, begged a boon of him."

"I perceive now more than ever," said I, "the folly of endeavouring to separate between the adventures of the knight, and the stories which are introduced, and which are indeed essential to the continuation of the adventures, as well as to the exhibition of character."

When the barber had thus agreeably defended his favourite from the charges which some foolish people have brought against him, we walked leisurely about, taking up in the hollow of our

hands a mouthful or two of the pure water of the brook wherein, we are told, that the white feet and limbs of Lucretia looked like crystal, and at the same time almost imagining we saw "the beautiful apparition," as Cervantes calls her, seated there; and then we returned to the spot where we had left our mules, and our wallet and wine-skin, because it was the shadiest spot in all these parts. Several clumps of ilex trees were scattered up and down, and an elevated rocky height, said in Cervantes to be, as if it had been cut out from the rest that surrounded it, threw a considerable shadow on one side of the valley.

"I don't know," said the barber, "how it may be with your grace, but I find the air of these parts produce a marvellous effect on my stomach; 't is scarce three hours since Juanes' pasty was interred; and yet, 'body of me,' as Sancho says, I am as keen set, as if nothing but that mouthful of water had found its way down my throat this blessed day; and it's my belief, too, señor," added the barber, looking askance at the wine-skin, "that water does little service to a dry throat.

"No doubt, Master Nicholas," said I, "mountain air invigorates the appetite, and a dry throat 's no agreeable companion; as for Juanes' pasty, it was a miracle in its way, and if thy hand could lay hold on any thing as savoury, I would not be so uncivil as to let thee eat alone, though I promise thee the larger share." And the barber's hand was presently diving into the wallet, from which it speedily extracted a sausage, that smelt indeed a little of garlic, but which, if not entirely to my taste, was every whit suited to that of the barber, who did such rapid execution on it, that the greater part was speedily entombed along with the pasty.

"A knowing rogue is that Juanes," said the barber, as we smacked our lips after a long draught of racy wine,—he knows a thing or two."

"A thing or two more than is good for him to know may be," said I.

"Ay, ay," said the barber, "more 's the pity;" while he again tied up the wallet, and after one other draught, put the stopper in the wine-skin.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR, HAVING RELATED AS MUCH OF HIS TRAVELS IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE, AS CAN BE CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME, IS FORCED TO STOP FOR THE PRESENT, AND TO REQUEST HIS READERS TO INFORM MIM WHETHER THEY WISH HIM TO RESUME HIS AGREEABLE TASK.

"A pretty hole we have made in the wallet," said I; "and as for the wine-skin, 't is scarcely to be recognised."

"I scarcely think," said the barber, pressing it with both his hands, "it will see out the night; and by the by, señor, is it your pleasure that we shall give it the trial?"

"That," said I, "is more than I willingly take upon me to answer: thou hast undertaken to lead me in the footsteps of Don Quixote, and I am

ready to stay here, or jog on as thou mayest direct."

"Tread you shall in the footsteps of the Knight of La Mancha," replied the barber, "and glad I am to tread in them once more; but," continued he, "if your worship will be guided by me, I would give it as my opinion, that under the roof of friend Juanes we shall be to the full as comfortable as underneath these cork trees: this, as I have already said, is doubtless the spot where the Knight abode in the Brown Mountain, and from whence he despatched Sancho with a letter to the Dulcinea: here it was that he resolved to do penance, and these are the very rocks of which the affectionate Squire said, 'for the love of God Sir, take care how you dash your head against the rocks, for you may chance to meet with such a one, as at the first push will put a finishing blow to the whole scheme of penance; content yourself with running your skull against wafer, or some soft thing like a cotton bag, and leave it to my care to tell my lady that your worship went to loggerheads with the point of a rock a thousand

times harder than adamant!' Here too it was, that the cunning device of the barber Nicholas, and the Licentiate, and Dorothea, was put into execution, when the knight forswore adventures until he had righted the great Queen Micomicona, and was thus enticed from the Brown Mountain: but I see no good reason why we, who only follow in the footsteps of the knight, should follow his example by abiding three days in the mountain, where, if I may judge by the altered look of our wallet, and the emaciated paunch of our wine-skin, we should be forced before the end of the three days to imitate Don Quixote in culling plants to sustain nature, and might become 'wan, meagre, and half-famished,' as Sancho found his master upon his return; wherefore I propose, that having noted all these things, we indulge in a short siesta, for which I confess that pasty of Juanes and the little morsel of sausage have somewhat inclined me, and that we then retrace our footsteps towards the Venta de Cardeña."

The advice of the barber was palatable enough; and in less than three minutes after it was given,

the yielding wine-skin had received the impression of his head, while the friendly shadow of 'a great rock' interposed between him and the rays of the noon-day sun. As for me, I employed the next hour or two in that most enviable state, when between sleeping and waking the mind passively receives the impressions that are offered to it; and when, as may easily be believed, in a scene like this, and on an errand like mine, many fantastic but strongly pictured illusions passed before. I saw the lank faced Knight, with a grave countenance, deliver to Sancho the letter to Dulcinea, and recommend Rozinante to his care, while the Squire mounting the steed with tears in his eyes, begged his master's blessing, and set out upon his journey. I fancied the welcome of the honest Squire on his return. I heard the courteous Knight say to the disguised Dorothea, 'rise most beautiful lady, the boon you ask, is granted,' while Sancho, already feeling himself secure in the government of an island, 'took down the armour which hung upon a tree, and in a twinkling equipped his master,' who finding

himself armed, exclaims 'Let us go in the name of God, to the assistance of this high-born lady;' and with these images in my mind, my eyes closed, and I dropped asleep: when we awake, I may possibly continue the narrative of my travels, and this record of the Barber's excellent sayings.

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